A SPIRITVAL SPICERIE: Containing Sundrie sweet Tractates of Devotion and Piety.

By Ri. Brathwait, Esq.

Cant. c. 1. 12. c. 5. 13.
My Welbeloved is as a bundle of Myrrhe unto mee: he shall lye betweene my brests.
His cheekes are as a bed of Spices.

LONDON,
Printed by *I. H.* for *George Hutton* at his shop within Turning stile in Holborne. 1638.

TO

THE TRVLY ENNOBLED,

THOMAS,

LORD FAUCONBERGE,

Baron of YAROM:

Together

With his pious Progeny, thoſe ſucceeding Branches of a *proſpering Family*:

R. B.

Zealouſly Dedicates this *Spirituall Spicerie.*

Vpon the translation of his Divine Dialogue.

TO you (my Lord) who knowes th'Originall,
This may seeme fruitlesse; yet these sacred flowres,
Like a Bride-posie at a Nuptiall,
May tender choice content to some of yours,
Which blest effect would crowne this Worke of ours:
That we should be so happy as to give
Where we do love, RULES *how to* dye
and live.
" *Which for his Sake we aske that is our Saviour,*
" *That we may* live *in's* feare, dye *in his* favour.

A TITLE-TABLE;

Or

Short Summarie of all such Tractates, Meditations, Prayers, Contemplations, and Motives to Piety, as are comprised within this

SPIRITuALL SPICERIE.

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THE LIFE
Of
JACOBUS GRUYTRODIUS, Author of this Divine *Dialogue*: Or Christian Manuall, faithfully rendred according to the *Originall*.

IACOBUS GRUYTRODIUS, *a* German, *a man singularly versed in*

divine and humane Learning: And opposite in constancy of opinion, and consonancie of doctrine, to those surreptitious Errours of the Time; who, as hee had commendably passed his youth in the Liberall Sciences, so hee consecrated and happily bestowed the residue of his time to the honour of God, in a devout privacie: having his pen ever vers'd

vers'd in Works of devotion and piety: never in arguments of division or controversy.
He lived in the yeare
M.CCCC.LXXII.

A Divine Dialogue; Or A Comfortable Conference betwixt our SAVIOUR, and a SINNER.

Sinner. PArdon mee (I beseech thee) my most gracious Lord JESU CHRIST, thy most unworthy and unhappy Servant, desirous to talke a while with thee, and of thee.

A Why,

Christ. Why, Who art thou ?

Sinner. A ſinfull man, who unhappily and raſhly have fallen into the miſery, and filthineſſe of ſundry ſinnes, and much more unhappily am ready to fall into eternall miſery, and calamity after the end of this life.

Christ. Thou needeſt not feare this fearfull fall, if thou wilt but doe ſo much as truly repent thee of thy ſinnes committed, and henceforth abſtaine from thoſe ſinnes whereof thou haſt repented. For I, moſt tender in my compaſſion towards thee, out of meere love deſcended from the royall Throne of mine high glory, to unmeaſurable dolour and anxiety, all which I willingly ſuffe-

red

red in my flesh, in my mind, in my members, and senses, to the end that I might deliver thee from the eternall torments of hell, and bestow on thee the joy of Heaven. Doubt nothing therefore touching thine offences: I will forget them all, so thou forget thine evill affection, and depraved custome. I will forget, (I say) and blot out thine iniquity, and as farre distant as the East is from the West, so farre will I divide thee from thy sinne: I will cleanse thee: Neither will I cease till I fulfill thee throughout: that, *Where sin hath abounded, grace likewise may superabound.* Yet I would be loved, I would be trusted, I would with sighs and teares

be intreated, than which no sweeter melody can unto me be tendred.

Sinner. O my crucified JESU, I know I am dearer to thee than I am to my selfe; for to thee I am alwayes deare, who (as it is written) *Loveſt all things that are, and hateſt nothing of thoſe which thou haſt made.* But man is not alwaies equally deare to himselfe as he is unto thee: because *hee that loveth iniquity, hateth his owne ſoule.*

Christ. This have I shewn in the continuall sorrowes of my whole crucified life. For I received the Crosse of my Passion in the Womb of my mother, and continually bore it in my heart, and confirmed it with much austerity in

in my body. So as that I might purposely shew the unmeasurablenesse of the sorrowes of my soule; my finall passion then approaching, it was my will to sweat blood thorow all my members, and that, (which lay hid as a secret of my crucifying, from the wombe of my Mother) with sensible signes, to reveale to my faithfull ones, which seemed fittest to be at my passage, and poinr of death.

I conceive (my good JESU) how in that bloudy sweat, with which thou wert deep-died and engrained in all thy members, thy blessed soule wholly suffered, because it is whole in every part of the body, yea and the *Sinner.*

very life of the body. But tell me what thou requireſt of me, for ſo great anguiſh continually ſuſtained for me?

Chriſt. Onely to love me againe. For to this end have I ſuffered my paſſion, that I might purchaſe thy affection.

Sinner. Surely moſt worthy art thou to bee loved, becauſe thou art good in thy ſelfe: and none *good* but *God alone*: And becauſe thou art the *Lord*, delivering from the power and ſlavery of the Devill: And becauſe thou *art God*, forgiving ſinnes, which none forgiveth but *God alone*: And becauſe thou loveſt thoſe that love thee: Whence it is that thou ſayeſt, *I love thoſe that love mee*: And

And becauſe thou heareſt thoſe that begge of thee: whence one ſaith, *I have loved the Lord, becauſe hee will heare mee.* Thou alſo, as the peace of charity, comming into the world, to warme and inflame the cold and lukewarme, haſt ſaid, *I came, that they might have life*: to wit, the life of *grace* in this life, and more abundantly, to wit, of *glory* in the life to come.

Surely there is nothing, which may ſo inflame the fire of Gods love in thy heart, as a continuall conſideration and meditation of this ſpeech of mine: *I came, that they might have life, and that more abundantly.* And of that much like unto this: *So God*

Chriſt.

loved the world, as he gave his onely begotten Sonne.

Sinner. Truly wretched and miserable is hee, in whose heart the fire of love is not kindled, when hee considereth these things, wherein the Charity of God hath chiefly appeared. But, ô thou only begotten of God, suffer not my heart to bee so frozen, or benummed with this icy congelation, but rather through thy mercy, in the remembrance of these thy Words, like Snow melting by the heat of the Sunne, let me say with that princely Prophet: *My heart is become as melting wax.*

Christ. Humane impiety before the time of my passion, tooke occasion of being unthankfull:

full: For man being created, but not as then redeemed, „ſaid, I am no more bound „to God, than other crea- „tures be: For he ſpake the „word, and I was made; hee „hath beſtowed no more la- „bour on me than any other „brute creature. But now the mouth of theſe that ſpeak wickedly is ſtopped, and no place now is left for un- thankfulneſſe. For I have la- boured more in the ſole re- demption of man, than in the whole frame and fabrick of the World. For of a Ma- ſter I became a ſervant, of Rich poore, of Immortall mortall, of the Word fleſh, of the Sonne of God the ſon of man: I ſuffered re- proaches of ſuch as upbrai-

ded me, I ſuffered undermi-
ners in my Works, contradi-
ctors in my Words, ſcor-
ners in my Woes, neceſſities
of the fleſh, horrour of death,
ignominy of the Croſſe.

Sinner. O how admirable was
this love! What ſhall I ren-
der to my Lord, for all his
ſorrowes?

Chriſt. If thou recall to mind,
how great things the Lord
of Majeſty, the Sonne of God
ſuffered for thee, though
thou ſhouldſt dye a thouſand
deaths, yet wert thou not
equally ſufficient to anſwer
me: for the eſtimate of ſo
great a benefit, exceedeth all
meanes of requitall.

Sinner. As thou beſt knoweſt, how
much I owe unto thee, the
Lord of glory, who ſubje-
ctedſt

ctedſt thy ſelf to death for me, that I might enjoy that happineſſe, which neither *eye* hath *ſeene*, nor *eare* hath *heard:* recount unto me, I beſeech thee, the reaſons which cauſed that moſt dolorous paine in thy moſt holy ſoule. For thou ſaidſt, right now, that in the wombe of thy bleſſed Mother, thou receivedſt the Croſſe of thy Paſſion, and bore it continually to the houre of thy diſſolution.

To this end, that thou mightſt by affection & compaſſion become an acceptable ſacrifice unto God, wholly inflamed with the fire of Charity, all the ruſt and rubbiſh of ſin being conſumed, and waſted: Conſider diligently with a lively heart, how *Chriſt.*

how I ſuffred a double Martyrdome; one in my body, another in my ſoule or Spirit. As touching the *Martyrdome* of my *Body* conſider, that there was never the ſuffering of any martyr ſo ſharp, ſo painfull, that it might be compared with my ſuffering: which I will prove unto thee, by authority, by ſigne, by reaſon. Firſt, by *authority*. For I my ſelfe crying out of the greatneſſe of my ſorrows, ſaid, *O all yee, who paſſe by this way, conſider and ſee, if ever there were ſorrow like unto my ſorrow!* as if I ſhould have ſaid, there was never any.

Secondly, by *Signe*; For aſmuch as there were never ſo many Signes ſeene in the Mar-

Martyrdome of any, as at my Paſſion, implying the ſharpneſſe and painfulneſſe of it: to wit, When the Sunne was darkned, the Earth moved, &c. As if by the dolorous clamours of my paſſion they had conceived a ſenſe of devout compaſſion, bemoning me the Son of God, hanging on the Croſſe. For it was not in the creature to indure the injury done to the Creatour. Wherein wicked and obdurate hearts are juſtly reproved, who will not be wrought to compaſſion, nor ſoftned with a pious devotion, in the remembrance of my death.

Thirdly, I prove unto thee the bitterneſſe of my paſſion by *reaſon*. Foraſmuch as

as my complexion was most excellent, both by reason of the incorruption of my flesh, as also by reason ofthe most proportionable union or mixture of the Elementary qualities. For I tooke corruptible flesh of the Virgin, for the freeing of all Originall sinne, that is, of inordinate concupiscence. Now to such a complexion, was required comelinesse of beauty, and strength of body. Because therefore, by how much more proportionable the union is of those Elements and qualities, whereof man is composed and compacted: by so much more difficulty, and violently is he dissolved: hence it appeareth, that the separation of my body and soule

ſoule was more painfull, than the death of others. Alſo my bleſſed fleſh, by how much more it was freer from all ſpot or blemiſh of ſin: by ſo much alſo it became more * ſenſible of torments. Now concerning my *Spirituall martyrdome*, which I ſuffered in my Soule (as I ſaid before unto thee) it began at ſuch time as I was firſt conceived in the wombe of my mother, or that my Soule was infuſed into my body: and continued without intermiſſion 33. yeeres and a halfe, till ſuch time as my Soule was ſeparated from my body upon the Croſſe. So as, I became a Martyr even in the Wombe of my Mother. Wherfore I was not ſo much as

* In that he was innocent, he became more ſenſible of torment.

as one moment, without the moſt bitter martyrdome of my Spirit: Becauſe whatſoever I ſuffered in the Night when I was taken, or the Day following when I was ſlaine, in mocking, reviling, ſpitting, nayling, and ſtretching upon the Croſſe, &c. This throughly and wholly my moſt holy Soule long before ſuffered. But thou art eſpecially to conſider, that thoſe dolorous piercing darts of the Virgin, my bleſſed mother, became the exceſſiveſt Object of my ſorrowes; who having a tender and reſpective eye to all my dolours, in perfect Charity, as became the condition of her motherly excellency, ſo much grieved for my ſorrowes,

rowes, as was fitting for such a woman to grieve. And all the sorrowes of my Mother, continually wounded my mind. So as, my Mothers Crosse ministred unto mee a new Crosse.

Another Object of my continuall sorrow, was all those martyrdomes which were at any time done, or to bee done upon any of mine Elect for me. So as, in very truth I say unto thee, that all those paines, griefes, tribulations, persecutions, and miseries, which any man was to suffer, or should suffer aswell in body, as in soule, from *Adam*, even to the very last man, that shall bee borne to the end of the World: all these I suffered alwayes in my

my Soule must fully, and through my compassion they did more hurt me, and more sharply grieve me, than any mans corporall paine, which hee actually suffereth, ever personally did. And there are two causes which give sufficient testimony of the truth hereof. One is, because I, in the glasse or mirrour of my Divinity did behold all things created and to bee created, things past, present, and to come, which were to me present. And I, from the very first instant of the infusion of my Soule into my Body, began alwayes to observe, till such time as I gave up my Ghost upon the Crosse, all the paines which I was to endure, and whatsoever

ſoever all my Elect from the beginning of the world, had at any time ſuffered, and ſuch as being not yet borne, were to ſuffer, even to the end of the world: all this I ſuffered in the inferiour faculties of my Soule. And in each of theſe was I more inwardly and grievouſly tormented in my Spirit, than any one could be in his owne proper body, at ſuch time as hee is to ſuffer tortures or torments.

Another cauſe which procured ſo great paine in my Spirit, was abundant love. For love begetteth griefe and heavineſſe in the ſpirit: So as, by how much thy love towards me was more intenſive or greater, by ſo much more

more is thy ſoule tormented with my Death and Paſſion. And becauſe I have alwaies and above compariſon loved thee, and every man, more than hee can love himſelfe, therefore have I ſuffered greater paine than all that which any one hath ever ſuffered upon earth, or was to ſuffer, or ſhall ſuffer to the end of the world. Thou knoweſt, that when *Paul* had conſented to the death and ſtoning of *Stephen*, and did perſecute Chriſtians, I ſaid unto him, *Saul, Why perſecuteſt thou me?* And yet he perſecuted not me in my owne proper perſon, but in the perſons of my beloved friends; becauſe what good or evill ſoever befalleth my friends,

friends, befalleth me. And this proceedeth from the great love which I beare unto men. Thus therefore maiſt thou conſider, how and by what meanes my Paſſion exceeded in paine the paſſions of all that ever ſuffered, or ſhall ſuffer, becauſe I ſuffered both in my Body and Soule, and that immaculate, and by nature delicate, and for ſo long time, to wit, for thirty foure yeeres did I ſuffer martyrdom in my Spirit, both for my ſelfe and all my Elect. *Laurence* in one night was broyled on a grid-iron; *Bartholomew* in one day was ſlaine; *Katherine* in one houre was broken on a Wheele, &c. All theſe tortures never hurt any one of them

them so much in their owne bodies, as they tormented me in my Soule, for thirty foure yeeres. Whence *Isay*, *Truly he hath suffered for our infirmities, and borne our sorrowes.* And therefore, I could never laugh, but often weepe, appearing as one of forty yeeres, when I was scarce thirty. Which came to passe, by reason of the continuall Justice, which I incessantly bore for my Passion that was to come, and the suffering of my Elect, which I alwaies clearly beheld, and painfully suffered by strength of imagination. Whereupon I oftimes said unto my Father, *Many are my grones: and my heart is sorrowfull.* To thee likewise doe I say, that thou maist

maist bee moved with compassion and affection towards mee, that *my life is waxen old with heavinesse, and my yeeres with mourning.*

Surely, O my good Jesu, as I have heard and understood, no conceit can sufficiently apprehend the depth of those anguishes and sorrowes of thy most holy Soule, nor griefes and passions of thy Body. But a very deepe question doth trouble my mind, to wit, how heavinesse, paine, or anguish could befall thy blessed soule, seeing it was alwaies in great joy through Contemplation of thy Divinitie, which was so amiable to behold, that if the damned in Hell could but behold the amiable countenance

Sinner.

nance of God, as the blessed Spirits doe in the Kingdome of Heaven; they could bee tormented by no griefe, nor heavinesse, either by the fire of hell, or sight of the Devils in hell.

Christ. It is true, that my pure and blessed soule was glorified, albeit my Body was mortall. For my Soule, from the very instant of her conception, and ever after, even when I was upon the Crosse, was as *glorious, and in as great joy and delight, in respect of her *superiour faculties*, as she is at this day in heaven, sitting at the right hand of God my Father. But in respect of her *inferiour faculties*, she was in a continuall and inceſſant heavinesse, and sorrow

* O Sacred-Secret mystery, requiring of us no curious discussion, but serious devotion!

row for the cauſes aforeſaid. Which could not bee by courſe or order of Nature, that in one and the ſelfe-ſame ſoule together, and at once, there ſhould be ſo great joy, and ſo great heavineſſe, for this was miraculous and ſupernaturall. Becauſe, according to the courſe of nature, joy and delight doe expell ſorrow and griefe, ſo as they cannot ſuffer together in one and the ſelfe-ſame ſoule. And to the end, thou maiſt more clearely underſtand theſe things, I would have thee to know, that the Source and Fountaine of all my ſorrowes, was that high and ineffable *divine diſpenſation*, whereby it was forbid mee, that the influence of my glo-

rie, and fruition thereof, which were in the *ſuperiour faculties* of my Soule, ſhould redound to the *inferiour*, for otherwiſe ſhee had felt no ſorrow. But becauſe this influence was by the *divine diſpenſation* prohibited mee, therefore did I at once perfectly enjoy all joy, according to the *Superiour faculties*, and perfectly ſuffer and become moſt vehemently afflicted, according to the *Inferiour faculties*. And thus miraculouſly hath the power of my Father, joyned anguiſh with greateſt ſweetneſſe, and higheſt power with loweſt weakneſſe. Becauſe that this influence prohibited me, was altogether repugnant to the courſe of Nature. For naturall

naturall it is, and according to the course of Nature, that the *Superiour powers* or *faculties* redound to the *inferiour*, and the *Inferiour* have impression in the *Superiour*. And by how much this *Dispensation* was more wonderfull, by so much was my sorrow more sharpe and dolefull. Thou art to know also, that I kept my naturall strength during my Passion, even to the point of death. Whereby it followeth, that my Passion was more dolorous.

Surely, hee is worthy of death, who refuseth to live to thee, my LORD JESU, who laidst down thy life for us. Yea, though alive, yet he is *dead, who in the remembrance of thy most bitter con-

Sinner.

* He is dead in trespasses who liveth not in the remembrance of Christs Passion, by washing his precious wounds with pious teares of holy compassion.

continuall Paſſion, and repreſentation of thy Crucifying, beareth not thy *pricks* in his body, by ſharpneſſe of repentance: and upon the altar of his heart, crucifieth not himſelfe for thee, by making a Croſſe for himſelfe to repreſſe carnall delights.

Chriſt. *He that will come after mee, let him deny himſelfe, and take up his Croſſe dayly, and follow me.*

Sinner. O Jeſu, the power of God, and the wiſdome of God, give me the underſtanding of theſe words.

Chriſt. In theſe my words, I have propoſed three things to a reaſonable man, made to the Image of God; to wit, * *Servitude, Lowlineſſe, Sharpneſſe. Servitude* is implyed in de-

* Three ſingular precepts of Chriſtian imitation.

denying himselfe: *Lowlinesse*, in bearing of my Crosse: *Sharpnesse*, in imitation of mee. That hee, who by disobedience fell from the state of a threefold felicity, might rise againe by Obedience, being humbled with the affliction of a threefold misery. For he had fallen from himselfe, from society of the Angels, from the sight of God, that is, from *Dignity*, *Liberty*, *Felicity*. Let him therefore heare my counsell, that by *denying himselfe*, that is, his owne proper will, hee may regaine his owne *Liberty*; by *taking up his Crosse*, that is, by chusing to bee contemned, and disvalued by others, hee may regaine the *Angels society*: By *following me*, that is, by imi-

Christs counsell.

imitating the steps of my Passion, by chastising of his flesh, he may regaine the *sight* of my *glory*.

Sinner. Truly, it is meet and right, yea necessary, that they *suffer* with thee, who will *reigne* with thee, that they *imitate* thee, who will *enjoy* thee.

Christ. Happy is this sentence of thine owne mouth. Happy, yea three and fourefold happy is he, who alwaies considereth how strait and narrow, how bitter and sharpe the way is, which leadeth to life, when it behoued me to suffer, that I might enter into my glory. If I bought my owne glory at so high a rate: Who shall have it altogether freely, and for nothing? There-

Therefore, there is no other way, by which thou canſt come to the heavenly reward, but by labours and afflictions. That *Rich man*, who chaſtiſed not himſelfe with labours of repentance in this world, is now in eternall paine in hell. But the *Poore man*, with the dolour and labour of this miſerable life, hath purchaſed a crowne of eternall glory.

Sinner. Woe is mee, that I am allured with the ſweetneſſe of carnall delights, and deceived with the vanity of ſecular joyes; when as I ought to imitate thee, whom I read to have oft ſorrowed and lamented, but once in Spirit to have rejoyced. *Mary* thy Virgin-Mother once rejoy-

ced in a Song. O how often hath the sword of sorrow gone thorow her Soule! *John*, thy forerunner, Paterne and Preacher of repentance, rejoyced once in his mothers wombe, but how often may wee well beleeve that hee lamented after his comming from her wombe?

Christ. When I hung upon the Crosse, I promised Paradise to none, but one that was upon the Crosse. Such are upon the Crosse, who crucifie their flesh, with the vices and concupiscences thereof. Upon the Crosse also I prayed onely for such as sinned negligently, not for such as sinned wittingly. For so long as they are such sinners, they are excluded from the em-

embraces of me that was crucified; who with hands ſpred upon the Croſſe, embraced all, for whom I ſuffered. If thou wilt therefore aſcend after me, and reigne in heaven with mee, thou muſt follow mee by the way of the * Croſſe, by which I have entred into my glory. Look for no eaſier way; in the way wch I have gone before thee, thou muſt follow. For if thou ſtray from my ſteps, thou ſhalt periſh. Attend diligently, that thou maiſt know, by what way thou maiſt aſcend into Heaven. At ſuch time as I came into the world, I deſcended by a * Ladder that had three ſteps, to wit, of *humility*, whence it is read of me, *Thou ſhalt finde the Babe:*

* The way by the *Croſſe*, is the way to the *Crowne*.

* The Chriſtians Ladder, conducting him to Chriſt his Saviour.

of *Poverty*, whence it followeth in the ſame place, *Wrapped in cloaths:* And of *auſterity*, as enſueth, *laid in a manger.* And by theſe ſteps I afterwards returned to heaven. Theſe ſteps mine excellent Apoſtle *Paul* intimateth, writing thus of me; *He emptied himſelfe*, behold the ſtep of *Poverty! Taking upon him the forme of a Servant:* behold the ſtep of *Humility! becomming obedient even unto death:* behold the ſtep of *Auſterity!* But whither hath this Ladder of three ſteps brought mee? Heare what followeth. *For this cauſe therefore hath the Lord exalted him, and given him a name which is above all names.* Fooles therefore and mad-men are they, who

who would aſcend up into heaven after me by a Ladder that hath ſteps contrary to theſe; to wit, by *Richeſſe, Delights, and Honours*. Surely, this Ladder leadeth to Hell, as the firſt did to Heaven.

Sinner. It is a great ſhame for the ſervant to bee feaſting and idling, while his Maſter is ſuffering and labouring.

Chriſt. Whoſoever devoutly meditateth of this my Paſſion, cannot but bee aſhamed to follow the pleaſure of the fleſh. The memory of my crucifying, crucifieth all vices. In the paines of my Paſſion, all the delights of the fleſh, and of the world are condemned: which, if thou wouldeſt ſubdue without difficulty, thou muſt devoutly

voutly remember my Paſſion, and ſweetly delighting thy ſelfe in it, ſincerely cleave to my wounds; yea, if thou wouldſt foile and reſiſt the Devill, who eſpecially purſueth and perſecuteth the religious, and reſtraine him from annoying thee, thou oughteſt dayly and devoutly to remember my Paſſion. But neceſſary it is, that they imprint the example and ſimilitude of my Crucifying in their manners, who imprint the ſigne of my Croſſe for their defence in their foreheads; that by his *Law* they may bee formed, by whoſe *Faith* they are armed. For otherwiſe, he diſloyally beareth the ſtampe of his King, whoſe will he doth not ob-

obſerve. Neither doth hee rightly protect himſelfe with his ſigne, whoſe command he doth not obey.

Sinner. O good Jeſu, vouchſafe to beſtow on my hearing a fuller joy, by recounting to mee thy moſt unworthy Sinner, the reſt of thoſe benefits and fruits, ariſing from the dayly remembrance of thy moſt holy Paſſion.

Chriſt. The memory of my death, by a dayly ruminating thereof, ought to burne upon the altar of thy mind, for many reaſons.

Firſt, becauſe thou canſt doe nothing more acceptable unto mee, than to exerciſe thine heart in my moſt holy Paſſion, with love, compaſſion, reverence, and imi-

imitation. Whereof thou canſt not doubt, being aſſured thereof by many authorities of holy Scripture. Wherefore I doe adviſe thee to ſtamp my painfull love, and loving paine in thy ſoule, and to be thankfull unto me, ſaying: * *Set me, as a ſignet, upon thine heart*: As if he ſhould ſay, Love mee, as I love thee. Remember not onely how great things I have done for thee, but how ſharpe and unworthy things I have ſuffered for thee, and ſee if thou doeſt not give mee an ill requitall, if thou doeſt not love mee. For tell mee, who loves thee as I doe? Who deſireth to be loved of thee, as I doe? *Set me*, therefore, *as a ſignet upon thine*

* The Chriſtians Signet with his Poſie.

thine heart, that thou maiſt love me with all thy ſtrength: upon thine *arme*, that thou maiſt performe thoſe things which pleaſe mee with all thine affection: upon thine *heart*, that whatſoever is deare unto thee, thou maiſt ſet aſide for me, and alwaies preferre me, and alwaies more and more love me.

Secondly, thou oughtſt continually to remember my Paſſion, becauſe by it thou art led by the hand to the love of God. For by my Paſſion, I have ſhewne to thee the quantity of my affection. And love deſerveth love againe. Underſtand what I ſay; I would not redeeme man with praier, for ſo oft times man freeth

man

man from captivity. Nor with the price of gold and silver: for so sheep and Oxen are bought: but with the price of my bloud, that by the price of the thing bought, my love might bee weighed. Do not therfore dis-esteeme thy worth: consider oft times thy price. If I had redeemed man with gold or silver, it might have beene thought, that the soule of man had beene comparable to temporall riches. That which is redeemed, is more precious than that by which it is redeemed: Therefore the soule of man is more precious than my bloud.

Thirdly, for stirring of devotion; Whence it was that *Sampson* found an *Hony-*

neycombe in the mouth of a *dead Lion*. I am the *Lion* of the Tribe of *Juda*, in whose death the honeycombe of devotion is found, wherewith the spirit of man is refreshed. O that thou wouldst seriously consider, how upon the Crosse my mouth appeared like one halfe-alive, open, and my tongue bloudy; surely, if thou hadst an heart of iron, it would have melted with compassion and devotion.

The fourth fruit arising from the memory of my Passion is, that in it is found a guard of defence against all Enemies. Whereupon my Apostle *Peter*; *Christ suffered for you, arme your selves likewise with the same mind.* And *Isay*; *Enter*

* Meditation of Christs Sacred Passion, a soveraigne receit against Satans temptation.

Enter into the rocke. As a Souldier, who unable to withstand his enemy in the field, flyeth to his Tents. Briefly, the * Enemy shall prevaile nothing against him, whom the daily exercise of my Passion doth delight.

The fifth is, because with no exercise is man so much enriched as with my merits, applied to him, and made his, by the hand of faith; for the foundation of all grace, and the root of merit, (as it hath sole relation to me, and derived to man by Faith in me) consisteth in the sorrow of heart and body, for my Crosse. For this cause mine Elect Apostle said; *I have esteemed my selfe to know nothing, but* JESUS CHRIST, *and*

and him crucified. And that devout ſonne of my bleſſed mother, *Bernard,* * *It is my higheſt philoſophy* (ſaid hee) *to know* CRIST JESUS, *and him Crucified.* But thou oughtſt to grieve, becauſe there are many enemies of my Croſſe. For the lovers of pleaſures are my perſecutours; they are guilty of my death, not as authors or fautors, but as contemners of my death: Theſe are they, who make the merit of my Paſſion in them of no effect; who make themſelves unworthy of mine heavenly bleſſing, & unſpeakable glory: who living in their delights, laugh at the myſterie of my Paſſion; who tread mee the Sonne of God under their feet,

* A Chriſtians Philoſophie.

feet, and lay reproach upon the Spirit of Grace. A carnall life is an injury unto God, contempt of my Crosse, and redoundeth to the contumely of all the blessed Trinitie.

The sixt is, the allaying of the labours and dolours encountring man in his way of repentance, and life of Religion. For a devout faithfull Souldier hath no feeling of his owne wounds, when hee seeth the wounds of his loving Captaine. And to this end have I contemned all earthly goods, that I might shew how they were to bee contemned: and sustained all adverse things, that I might teach how they were to bee sustained.

The

The ſeventh is, the extinguiſhing of carnall deſires: for with the ſight of my Paſſion, whatſoever is carnall decreaſeth.

The eighth is, the ſtirring of compunction and repentance for ſinnes. For who is he that grieveth not highly, when he recals to mind how his ſinnes were ſo odious to God the Father, that for taking them away, he would have his beloved Sonne crucified and put to death?

The ninth is, the begetting of good hope and confidence: For in my Croſſe the Sinner hath his Sanctuary, as a murderer flying for refuge to the Church-yard. Nothing is ſo bitter even unto death, which may not be

be cured by my death: I have changed the ſentence of thy eternall puniſhment, into the crucifying of my Body, ſubject to a dolorous languiſhment. For I, in that ſentence which *Pilat* pronounced againſt me, taking upon me, the perſon of all Sinners, to purge their ſins wherein they had long laboured, was adjudged to death for all Sinners.

Sinner. I conceive and contemplate by this which thou (my good Jeſu) haſt ſaid, that albeit this ſentence was very unjuſt, and therefore execrable in reſpect of thee, becauſe man had no power over God, the wicked over the juſt: yet in reſpect of us, it was manifold com-

mo-

modious and profitable: and the reaſon hereof is amiable and venerable; becauſe hee wholly reverſed that ſentence pronounced upon the firſt man, for ſinne. For the ſentence of a dolefull excluſion was denounced againſt him. Whence it is written, *The Lord caſt out man from the Paradiſe of pleaſure, and ſet an Angell to keepe the way of the tree of life.* But happy and honourable was thy ſentence, becauſe it called back a baniſh'd man, for by this ſentence the *Sonne* for the *ſervant* was injuriouſly caſt out of his inheritance, by the husbandmen of the Vineyard, the Law of *Moſes*. Therfore thy Apoſtle ſaith, *That* Jeſus *might ſanctifie us*, hee *ſuffered* with-

without the gate. And well it was that he ſuffered without, that he might bring us back againe to within: *for we have entrance by his bloud.* But I beſeech thee (moſt loving Jeſu) from the very inward affection of mine heart, by thoſe paines, with which, as with moſt ſharp arrowes, thy moſt ſweet heart was pierced, and thoſe of the Virgin thy bleſſed Mother, at the hearing of that ſentence of thy condemnation; that I may deſerve through thy merits, to be delivered in the houre of my death, and the laſt day of judgement, from that ſharp and terrible word of the ſentence of eternall damnation, which thou wilt thunder out againſt the reprobates:

De-

Depart from me yee curſed into everlaſting fire, prepared for the Devill and his angels.

Happy is he, from whoſe memory the *laſt judgement* never departeth, that by the feare thereof, hee may preſerve his life from naughtineſſe and pleaſure of the fleſh. For ſurely, that judgement is highly to be feared, wherin all things are made manifeſt without witneſſes, where the Hoaſt of all the Angels and Saints ſhall ſtand round about, and every creature ſhall tremble with exceeding feare, before my Tribunall ſeat. What will they ſay then, who in this ſhort time have lived negligently and careleſly? Meane time I expect you patiently, and in-

Chriſt.

The terror of the laſt judgement.

vite you all to my kingdome lovingly. Time will come, when I ſhall require an account of you, for this your negligence, and ſhall ſay unto „ you, For you am I made „ crooked, for you (I ſay) am „ I made crooked upon the „ earth, for you am I ſcourged, for you with ſpittings „ defiled, for you is my face „ buffeted, for you am I unjuſtly condemned, for you „ am I crucified, for you upon wood am I hanged, with „ gall am I fed, and with vinegar quenched, that I „ might make you all Saints „ eternally crowned. I have „ called you all my Brethren, „ I have offered you to my „ Father, I have ſent you my „ holy Spirit, I have promi-

„ ſed

„ſed to you Paradiſe. What „ſhould I have done more, and I have not done it, that ye „might be ſaved? Tell me ye „Sinners: What have yee „ſuffered for me your gover-„nour, who when I was juſt, „ſuffered ſo great things „for your ſakes? Theſe truly ſhall bee demands proper for that day of judgement.

Sinner. Alas, miſerable wretch that I am, what ſhall I ſay, or what ſhall I doe, when I ſhall not bee able to ſhew ought that is good before ſo great a Judge?

Chriſt. Amend thy life, while time is: change thy manners, overcome evill temptations by reſiſting, puniſh ſinnes committed by lamenting. Let thy ſinne find thee

here a puniſher, that thou maiſt find me there no Judge but a Saviour.

A moſt comfortable Concluſion.

If thou doeſt theſe things faithfully and with conſtant affiance, thou ſhalt bee ſecure in the terrible day of vengeance. Neither let the greatneſſe of thy ſinnes terrifie thee: for I am much more mercifull, than thou art ſinfull. Surely great is thy miſery, but infinite is my mercy. If thou bee a ſinfull man, *I am the Lamb of* GOD, *that taketh away the ſins of the world: who came not to call the juſt, but ſinners.* In a word, more mercy and love ſhalt thou finde in mee, than thou dareſt either hope for, or wiſh for.

A FAMILIAR Expoſtulation of the *Fleſh*, to GOD the Father, touching CHRIST.

By *Bonaventur.* in his Booke entitled

Stimulus Amoris.
Cap. XIV.

GIve eare, how the *Fleſh* lifteth up the *Soule* againſt the *Spirit*, contemplatively raiſed, yea even againſt *Chriſt*. For, ſaith the *Fleſh*:

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I preferre my complaint to thee God the Father, juſt and of infinite mercy, touching thy *Sonne*; beſeeching thee, that thy juſtice would conſider the injury done mee, and that thy mercy would condeſcend to my miſery. This thy *Sonne* full of knowledge and power, hath circumvented me by his wiſdome, and offered me violence by his power. This thy *Sonne* by his wiſdome cloathing himſelfe with fleſh, became like unto mee, and by his too much humilitie and ineffable benignitie, craftily entred in upon me: He became more humble than all, hee became deſpicable to all, hee tooke upon him the neceſſities of all, he bore the infirmities of all,

all, he vouchsafed to be most cruelly crucified for all, to be afflicted as well with compassion, as in his most grievous passion, through meere affection to all, to expresse the love of his heart, by the opening of his side, and from thence to derive those Sacraments which gave remedy to all mankinde. What should I say more? Hee hath ordained his flesh for meat, his bloud for drink, and promised himselfe for a reward, inasmuch as he girded himselfe, and being to depart thence, ministred to such as eat at thy table. By all these meanes, and many others, which I neither know, nor am able to declare, hath hee not onely wondrously allu-

Mat. 25.

Luke 12.

red my *Soule*, deputed to the ſupport and comfort of mee, but by entring in unto her, hath ſo highly drawne her by his power, and ſo joynd her unto him by his delights, as now ſhee cares not at all for mee, but rather afflicts, dejects, treads downe, and vilifies mee; and that which ſeemes grievouſer than all things elſe, ſhe loves thoſe that lay this diſgrace on me, remembring him or them more eſpecially in her prayer, who inferre theſe injuries on me; and if none as yet be done mee, ſhee deſires that hereafter they may bee done me. Thus am I mortified, and ſhe cares not; Thus lye I grovelling in mud, and ſhee rejoyceth: Yea, it is the very

very higheſt pitch of her deſire, to ſee my ſorrow with new ſorrow multiplied, that my ſorrow might bee more ſenſibly conceived. This ſeemes to bee her glorie to bring injuries, contumelies, and whatſoever is worſt upon me. Thus leaves ſhee mee deſolate and afflicted; meane time, it is her deſire to remaine ſtill with thy Sonne, ſtill to bee fed with his fleſh, made drunk with his bloud, and whereſoever he is, to be ever with him. Now ſhe appeareth like a ſmall tender infant with him in the manger; now ſhe embraceth him in the armes of the bleſſed Virgin; now is ſhe nouriſhed with him, with the milke of the Virgin. Now ſhe hungers

with him, now ſhee thirſts with him, now is ſhee ſpit upon with him, now is ſhee wounded with him, now is ſhee ſorrowfull upon the Croſſe with him, now with thee in heaven rejoyceth ſhe with him, ſhee is comforted with him; whereſoever hee goe, ſhee goes with him, ſhee cannot endure to bee from him, ſhee can intend her ſelfe to nought without him: What ſhall I ſay to thee, O Father, touching thy *Sonne*, who hath made my *ſoule* given unto me, ſo drunke with his love, and thus eſtrang'd her from mee? If hee hath robb'd mee, thou maiſt command reſtitution to be made me. Neither ſeemes it to me a ſmall injury, thus to deprive

prive me of this precious and ineſtimable jewell of my mind. For why doth my *ſoule* appointed for me, only love thy *Sonne*; why doth ſhe thus hate mee, why relinquiſheth ſhee all things concerning me? Behold, how ſhe ſwallowed up with the incomparable love of thy *Sonne*, walketh as one without ſenſe; now there is nought elſe ſhee heareth, nought elſe ſhee thinketh, or taſteth, nought elſe ſhee ſmelleth, being alwaies deſirous to reſt in his armes. There is ſhee joyed, there is ſhe cheered, there abundantly delighted, there, made drunke with too much love, is ſhee lodged. Neither is it to be wondred at, if this my

Soule cleave ſo conſtantly to thy *Sonne*: Becauſe, unleſſe ſhe were harder than ſtone, and more inſenſible than iron, ſeeing thy *Sonne* hath done ſuch great things for her, ſhe can doe no leſſe than this for him. Yea, where is that ſtone ſo hard which would not rend with the heat of ſo great love, yea melt like wax, if all theſe aforeſaid benefits ſhould be done it? I doe not then complaine to thee, O moſt benigne Father of my *Soule*, for that ſhee hath done no more than ſhe ought: but of thy *Sonne*, who hath ſo forcibly allured her with the benefits of his mercy, and by that meanes left mee in ſo great miſery.

An Answer of the Father to the Fleſh. Cap. XV.

ATtend and hearken, what anſwer this moſt gracious *Father* makes to the *Fleſh*. Foraſmuch as thou art my creature, I will ſhew thee Juſtice with Mercie. Whereas then thou wert ordained to bee the Soules Hand-maid, yet hadſt ever a deſire to play the Miſtreſſe, and demeaning thy ſelfe alwaies inordinatly, haſt cauſed her to ſerve thee and not mee, by making her prone unto all evill, and which is

worſe,

worſe, haſt ſubjected her, who was made after my image, to the bondage of Satan. Thou, I ſay, who haſt made her worſe than any brute beaſt, being by thee defiled and abhominably polluted, yea, above all darkneſſe blackned, and ſo much altered, as I cannot know that noble creature ſtamped and formed to ſo glorious a feature: Needfull it was then, becauſe I loved her ſo much that was incloſed in thy *Fleſh*, that my *Sonne* ſhould take *Fleſh* upon him, that ſo hee might allure her to his and my love. And becauſe the *Soule* by cleaving to thee, her *Fleſh* was become dead, it was my will that my *Sonne* who became *Fleſh* ſhould be ſlaine for her, that ſhe

ſhe might be quickned. Neither was this in my *Sonne* any circumvention or deceiving, but mine and his ineffable vouchſafing. And becauſe thou, O *Fleſh*, haſt done evilly ever from thy firſt infuſion, but my *Sonne* hath beene inflamed towards thy *Soule* with exceeding affection, and hath wholly given himſelfe up for her redemption, therefore my juſtice exacteth many things, eſpecially, that I wholly and totally reſigne her unto him, and that ſhee abhorre thee more than dung, and that ſhe deſire that thou maiſt bee abhorred of all. But foraſmuch as thou haſt beſought not onely my *Juſtice* but *Mercy*; it is my will that thou

thou in ſome meaſure bee refreſhed with that preſent ſweetneſſe which thy *Soule* feeleth in my *Sonne*; yea more than all this, I will hereafter endow thee moſt nobly and moſt perfectly: and if thou beeſt truly obedient to thy *Soule*, from henceforth deliver thee from eternall puniſhment, and bring thee to an inheritance gloriouſly permanent, where I live eternally reſident.

A pithy Meditation upon this Expostulation *and* Answer, *to inflame the Soule with a devout fervour.*

IS it so, O my *Soule*, that shee, whom thou hast so daintily cockred, with whom thou hast so familiarly conversed, and to whom thou hast so easily consented, is thy domestick Enemy, and by so much more fearfull because domesticall? Chastise her who thou hast cherished, estrange thee from her, with whom thou hast so freely consorted, incline not to her, to whose advice thou hast so freely condescended. It is *Ismael* that

that playeth with thee; who, whileſt ſhe playes with thee, playes upon thee. Looke upon that gracious Shepherd, who hath ſought thee; fix thine eye upon that precious price, with which he bought thee. The worth of the whole world comes farre ſhort of the worth of that price; be it then thine higheſt honour to advance his praiſe. Let no ſinne ſoile that image which is ſo richly beautified: Let no cloud obſcure that light which was ſo freely beſtowed. Hee that tooke on him *Fleſh* for thee, hee that in his *Fleſh* ſuffered ſo much for thee, hee that gave himſelfe to gaine thee, and ſhew'd himſelfe ſo truly thine

thine to retaine thee: Let him ſolely and wholly have thee. Suffer not thy *Fleſh* to converſe with thee, till ſhe become a true Convert in the practice of piety. Better is it for thee by contempt of thy *Fleſh* to augment thine owne honour, than by obedience to thy *Fleſh* to procure thy diſhonour. Short is the Fight, but great is the Conqueſt. Recoile not; for thou haſt him for thy * *Chiefetaine*, who hath vanquiſh'd that *foe*, who, to this houre, hath given all *Chiefetaines* the foile. Fight valiantly then under his banner; embrace all contempts for his honour. Erect the eye of thy Faith to Heaven, while thou directeſt thy feet on

* *Imperator noſter Chriſtus eum hoſtem vicit, qui adhuc omnes Imperatores ſtravit.* Miſcell. Theor. Itin.

on Earth, that after thy well-past pilgrimage on Earth, thou maist bee rewarded with a lasting inheritance in Heaven.

Amen.

GENE-

GENERALL Rules of living well.

„ *The highest pitch of wisdome's piety,*
„ *By which man's taught both how to live & die.*

EVery day draweſt thou nearer than other to Death, Judgement, and Eternity. Bethinke then with thy ſelfe every day, how thou maiſt ſtand in the ſevere diſcuſſion of death and judgment, and how thou maiſt eternally live. Thou art to take

take an exact account of all thy thoughts, words and deeds, becauſe an exact account is to be given of all thy thoughts, words and deeds. Thinke every evening, that death is that night approaching: Thinke every morning, that death is that day accoaſting. Deferre not thy converſion, nor the performance of any good action till to morrow, becauſe to morrow is uncertaine, but death is ever certainly waiting. There is nothing that hinders piety more than delay. If thou contemne the inward calling of the holy Spirit, thou ſhalt never come to true converſion. Doe not defer thy converſion, nor the practice of any religious acti-

on

on to thy old age; but offer unto God the flower of thy youth: Uncertaine is old age to the young, but certaine deſtruction attendeth him that dieth impenitently young. There is no Age more fit for the ſervice of God, than youth, flouriſhing in abilities both of body and mind. For no mans ſake oughtſt thou to take in hand an evill action; for not that man wch thou ſo reſpectedſt, but God in whoſe breſt all the treaſures of wiſdome are ſtored, ſhall in the end judge thy life: Doe not then preferre any mans favour before the honour of thy Maker. In the way of the Lord wee either increaſe or decreaſe: Take examination

then of thy life every day, whether in the practice of piety thou increaseſt or decreaseſt. To *ſtand* in the way of the Lord is to *goe back*. Let it not then delight thee to *ſtand* in the courſe of piety, but endevour alwaies to *walke* in the way of the Lord. In thy converſation bee cheerefull to all, diſtaſtefull to none, familiar to few: Live to Godward devoutly, to thy ſelfe chaſtly, to thy Neighbour juſtly. Uſe thy friend as a pledge of affection, thine enemy for a triall of thy patience, all men to a well-diſpoſed benevolence, and wherein thou maiſt more effectually worke to beneficence. While thou liveſt, dye dayly to thy ſelfe

and

and to thy vices; So in thy death maist thou live to God. Let meekenesse appeare in thy affection, mildnesse in thy countenance, humility in thy habit, modesty in thy habitation, patience in tribulation. Let facility be in thine accesse, decency in thy dresse, humility in thy presence, affability in thy discourse, benignity in thy wayes, charity in thy works. Let constancy be in thine eie, content in thy chest, temperance in thy cup. Observe moderation in thy desires, discretion in thy delights. Think alwaies of those 3. things past, Evil committed, Good omitted, Time mis-spẽded. Think alwaies of these 3. things present: the shortnes of this present

sent life, the difficulty of being saved, the fewnesse of those that are to be saved. Think alwayes of these three things to come, Death, than wch nothing is more horrible; Judgement, than which nothing is more terrible; the paine of Hell, than which nothing more intolerable. Let thine Evening Prayers redeeme the sinnes of the forepast day; let the last day of the weeke reforme the offences of the dayes gone before. Thinke in the Evening, how many soules are that same day thrown head-long into Hell; and give thankes unto God, for that hee hath given thee time to repent in. There be three things above thee, which ought never to depart

part from thy memory: That Eye which seeth all things, that Eare which heareth all things, and those bookes wherein all things are recorded. Wholly hath God communicated himselfe to thee; communicate thy selfe likewise wholly to thy neighbour. That is the best life, which is wholly employed to the behoofe and benefit of others. Render to thy superiour obedience and reverence, to thy equall counsell and assistance, to thy inferiour succour & supportance. Let thy body be subjected to thy mind, and thy mind to God. Bewaile thy evils past, disesteeme thy goods present, covet with all the desire of thine heart those goods

to come. Remember thy ſin, that thou maiſt grieve: Remember thy death, that thou maiſt ceaſe from ſinne: Remember Gods juſtice, that thou maiſt feare: Remember Gods mercy, leſt thou deſpaire. Withdraw thy ſelfe as much as thou canſt, from the World, and devote thy ſelfe wholly to the ſervice of God: Thinke alwayes, how chaſtity is endangerd by delicacy, humility by proſperity, and piety by employments tranſitory. Deſire to pleaſe none but Chriſt; feare to diſpleaſe none but Chriſt. Beſeech God alwayes, that as he bids what he would, ſo he would doe what hee bids: that hee would protect what is done, and direct in what

is to bee done : Endevour thy ſelfe to bee what thou wouldſt have thy ſelf thought to be ; for God judgeth not according to the outward ſemblance, but according to the inward ſubſtance. In thy diſcourſe beware of much ſpeech, becauſe account ſhall be required of every vaine word. Whatſoever thy works bee, they paſſe not away, but as certaine ſeeds of eternity, are they beſtowed: if thou ſow according to the fleſh, from the fleſh ſhalt thou reape corruption : if thou ſow after the Spirit , from the Spirit ſhalt thou reap the reward of eternall retribution. After death, neither ſhall the honours of this World follow thee , nor

heaps of riches favour thee, nor pleasures enjoy thee, nor the vanities of this World possesse thee, but after the fatall and full period of this life all thy works shall follow thee. As then thou desirest to appeare in the day of judgement, appeare such in the sight of God at this present. Thinke not with thy selfe what thou hast, but rather what thou wantst: Pride not thy selfe for that which is given thee, but rather become humbled for that which is deni'd thee. Learne to live now while thou maist live. In this time is eternall life either got or lost. After death there remains no time for working, for then begins the time of rewarding: In the

the life to come is not expected any worke, but payment for the worke. Holy Meditation may beget in thee knowledge, knowledge compunction, compunction devotion, devotion may produce prayer. Great good for peace of the heart, is the silence of the mouth: By how much more as thou art divided from the World, so much more acceptable art thou unto God. Whatsoever thou desirest to have, aske it of God; whatsoever thou already hast, attribute it to God: He is not worthy to receive more, who is not thankfull for what he hath received: Then stops the course or current of Gods grace to man, when man

makes no recourſe by thankfulneſſe to God: Whatſoever befals thee, turne it to good; ſo often as proſperity comes upon thee, thinke how occaſion of bleſſing and praiſing God is miniſtred unto thee; againe ſo often as adverſity aſſayles thee, thinke how theſe are admonitions for the repentance and converſion of thee. Shew the force of thy power in helping, the force of thy wiſdome in inſtructing, the force of thy wealth in releeving. Neither let Adverſity bruiſe thee, nor Proſperity raiſe thee: Let Chriſt be thy ſcope of thy life, whom thou art to follow here in the way, that thou maiſt come to him there in thy countrey.

Amongſt

Amongſt all other things, let profound humility, & ardent Charity be thy greateſt care. Let charity raiſe thine heart unto God, that thou maiſt cleave unto him: Let humility depreſſe thine heart, leſt thou becom proud & ſo leave him. Eſteem God a Father for his clemency, a Lord for his diſcipline; a Father for his ſweet power, a Lord for his ſevere power; Love him as a Father devoutly, feare him as a Lord neceſſarily: Love him becauſe he will have mercy: Feare him, becauſe he will not ſuffer ſin. Feare the Lord, and truſt in him; acknowledge thy miſery, and declare his mercy. O God, thou who haſt given us to will, give us likewiſe to performe.

THE SORROWFULL Soules ſolace,

Gathered from Saint *Auguſtine* in his Tract Upon the 62. *Pſalme*,

Upon theſe words.

„ *My Soule thirſteth for*
„ *thee, my Fleſh alſo longeth*
„ *after thee.*

BEhold here how the Soule thirſteth; and ſee how good it is for the Soule that thirſteth; to wit, becauſe

cauſe ſhee *thirſteth after thee.* There are who *thirſt*, but not after God. Every one that would in his owne behalfe have ought performed, is in heat of deſire, till he have it effected; and this deſire is the *thirſt* of the Soule. Now ſee what various deſires are in the hearts of men: One deſireth gold, another ſilver, one deſireth poſſeſſions, another inheritances, one ſtore of money, another ſtock of cattle, one a faire houſe, another a wife, one honours, another children. You ſee theſe deſires, how they are in the hearts of men. All men *thirſt* after one deſire or other, yet can there ſcarce one be found, who may ſay, *My Soule hath thirſted after thee.*

For

For men *thirſt* after this World, and they underſtand not how they are in the wilderneſſe of *Idumæa*, where their ſoule ought to *thirſt* after God. Let us therfore ſay, *My Soule hath thirſted afther thee*; Let us all ſay, (for wee are all but one Soule in our fellowſhip with Chriſt:) Let this our ſoule thirſt in *Idumæa: My Soule* (ſaith he) *hath thirſted after thee, and my Fleſh hath longed ſore for thee.* He held it too little for the *Soule* onely to *thirſt*, but thar his *Fleſh* ſhould *thirſt*. Now I would know, ſeeing the *Soule thirſteth* after God, how the *Fleſh* may be ſaid to *thirſt* after God: For when the *Fleſh thirſteth*, it *thirſteth* after water; when the *Soule thirſteth*,

ſteth, ſhee *thirſteth* after the fountaine of Wiſdome; of which fountaine our Soules ſhall bee made drunke, as is ſaid in another Pſalme, *They ſhall bee ſatisfied with the plenteouſneſſe of thy houſe: and thou ſhalt give them drink of thy pleaſures, as out of thy river.* Pſal. 36.

We are then to *thirſt* after wiſdome, to *thirſt* after righteouſneſſe. Nor ſhall we be ſatisfied with this, nor filled with that, till this our fraile life ſhall be ended, and we come to that which God hath promiſed. For God hath promiſed to make us equall with the Angels. Now the Angels *thirſt* not as wee doe, nor *hunger* as wee doe, but partake of the food of truth, the food of light of im-

immortall wisdome. Therefore are they blessed: And in so great blessednesse (being in that heavenly City of Hierusalem, from which we are here as Aliens) they take care of us poore pilgrims, they commiserate us, and by Gods appointment they assist us, that at last we may returne to our common Countrey, & there at last with them be satisfied with that divine fountaine of truth & eternity. Wherefore let our *Soule* now *thirst*, & let our *flesh* also *thirst* eagerly. Yea *My flesh* (saith he) *longeth after thee*: because to our flesh, is resurrection promised by thee. Even as blessednesse is promised to our soule: so also is resurrection promised to our

our flesh. Such is the Resurrection of the flesh which is promised unto us. Heare, learne, and understand what may be the hope of Christians. For what end are we Christians? Not to this end are wee Christians, that we should seeke earthly happinesse, which even Theeves and malefactors oftimes enjoy. No, wee are Christians for another kind of happinesse, which shall be then by us received, when this our transitory life shall be ended. For this then is the Resurrection of flesh promised to us. And such is the resurrection of flesh to us promised, that this same flesh which wee now carry about us, may rise in the end, and re-

retaine her incorruptible glory without end. Neither let this seeme incredible unto you, because you see the dead falling to corruption, and returning to dust and ashes. Suppose that any dead corpse should be burnt to ashes, or that dogs should teare it, doe you therefore thinke that it shall not rise againe? All these parts which you see peecemeale divided, and into small graines of dust resolved, remaine all whole with GOD; for into them doe the Elements of the world passe, from whence they first came, when wee were made: These wee doe not see, yet wil God, when he knowes his owne time, produce them; who before wee

we were made, when his ſacred will was, produced us from them. Such Reſurreſtion of the fleſh is promiſed to us, that, albeit this fleſh which we now carry, be the ſame which ſhall riſe again, yet muſt it not have that corruption, which it now hath. For now through the corruption of our frailty, if we eat not, wee faint and hunger; if we drinke not, wee faint and thirſt for water; if we wake long, we faint and fall a ſleep; if we ſleep long, we faint and ſo awake; if we eat and drinke long, albeit we eat and drinke for nouriſhment, yet doth this long refection become a defection; if wee ſtand long, wee are weary, and therefore wee

ſit,

fit; and if we fit long, we become wearied, and therefore we riſe. Then conſider, how there is no conſtant ſtate in our fleſh: becauſe our infancy flyeth away into childhood, and then if thou ſeeke infancy, there is no infancy, becauſe it is now childhood, which was even now infancy. Againe, that childhood paſſeth into youth, and then if thou ſeek childhood, thou canſt not find it. This youth becomes a man; and then if thou ſeeke that youth, hee is not to bee found. This man becomes old: thou ſeekſt a ſtrong man, and hee is not to be found. And this old man dyes: thou ſeekeſt an old man, and hee is not to bee found.

found. Our age then ſtandeth not, every where there is wearineſſe, every where tediouſneſſe, every where corruption. Conſidering therefore, what hope of reſurrection God promiſeth unto us; in theſe our manifold defects, we *thirſt* after that incorruption, and ſo our *fleſh longeth much after God.* In this *Idumæa*, in this wilderneſſe, by how much ſhe laboureth, by ſo much more eagerly ſhe *thirſteth*; by how much ſhe is wearied, by ſo much ſhee *thirſteth* after that infatigable incorruption, for which ſhe was created. Albeit, my Brethren, the fleſh of every good and faithfull Chriſtian in this World, *thirſteth* after God. Becauſe if his fleſh need

need bread, if it need water, if it need wine, if it need money, or what reliefe soever it need, he ought to beg for these at the hands of God, not from Devils and Idols, or what other Powers of this World, I know not. There are who when they suffer hunger in this World, leave God, and call on *Mercury*, or *Iupiter*, or their heavenly *Pan*, as they call him, or some other such like Devils, that they would releeve them: these mens flesh *thirst* not after their God. For they that *thirst* after God, every where ought to *thirst* both in soule and flesh; because God both giveth his bread to the Soule, that is, the Word of truth; and God giveth

veth to the flesh also, whatsoever are necessary, because God made both the soule and the flesh. For thy flesh, thou calst upon Devils: tell me, hath God made thy soule, and the Devils made thy flesh? Hee who made thy soule, he likewise made thy flesh. Hee who made them both, he likewise feeds them both. Let both these in us *thirst* after God, and out of much labour be moderately refreshed, that in him, to whom we are solely devoted, we may be wholly fixed.

Meditation.

O My Soule, recollect thy selfe! hast thou *thirsted* after

after thy Saviour? Haſt thou followed him in the ſweet ſmell of his ſavor? Haſt thou left thy *thirſt* after gold, poſſeſſions, honours, beauty? Haſt thou tenderd to him thy ſole and ſoveraigne dutie? Haſt thou onely relyed on his providence? Reſted in his goodneſſe? Feare not, ſo thou faile not: Thou ſhalt be ranked, where the Saints are onely numbred, by an happy arrivall in the *land of righteouſneſſe*; which hee give thee, who gave himſelfe for thee.

In terris;
Vita noſtra,
Dies una.

In cœlis;
Dies una,
Lux æterna.

Mans Mutability.

A Meditation extracted out of S. *Auguſtine*, in his Tract Upon the 121. *Pſal.*

Upon theſe words,

„ *Jeruſalem is builded as a city,*
„ *that is compact together in it*
„ *ſelfe.* Verſ. 11.

NOw, my Brethren, whoſoever erecteth the light of his mind, whoſoever laieth aſide the darkneſſe of

of his fleſh, whoſoever cleareth the eye of his heart, let him lift up and ſee what this *It ſelfe* is. How ſhall I call *it ſelfe*, but *it ſelfe*? O my Brethren, if you can, underſtand what is this *it ſelfe*. For even I my ſelfe, if I ſhould ſpeake any thing elſe but *it ſelfe*, doe not ſpeake *it ſelfe*; Yet doe we labour by ſome neere affinities of words and ſignificant proprieties to bring the infirmity of the mind, to meditate of this *It ſelfe*. What is this *it ſelfe*? That which is alwayes one and in the ſame manner, and not now one thing, and then another. What is then *it ſelfe* but that which is? And what is this which is? That which eternally is. For whatſoever is alwaies

waies altering from one to another, is not, because what it is abides not: Yet not so as *locally* it is not, but *summarily* it is not. And what is this which is, but hee, who when he sent *Moses*, said unto him, *I AM THAT I AM?* And who also said, *Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, I AM hath sent me unto you.* Behold it selfe, *I AM THAT I AM*; He who *IS*, hath sent mee to you! But thou canst not conceive it, it is farre from thee to understand it, far from thee to apprehend it. Retaine therefore that which he was made for thee, since to conceive him it is farre from thee. Retaine the flesh of CHRIST, by which raised Exod. 3.

being ſick thou maiſt bee relieved, and left halfe-dead by Theeves wounded, thou maiſt be to an Inne conducted, and cured. Let us then runne to the houſe of the Lord, and come to the City, where our feet may ſtand in the gates; that City which is *builded as a City, that is compact together in it ſelfe. It ſelfe* is this whereof it is ſaid, *Thou art the ſame, and thy yeares ſhall not faile.* Behold *it ſelfe*, *Whoſe yeares ſhall not faile!* Brethren, doe not our yeares daily faile and fade in the yeare? For thoſe yeares which are come are not now, and thoſe which are to come are not yet. Now are theſe failed which are come, and thoſe ſhall faile which are to come. Houres

Pſal. 101.

paſt

past bee already gone, and houres to passe are not yet come, & when they are come they likewise shall passe, and faile. What be those yeeres which do not faile, but those which stand? If yeares then doe there stand, those yeares which stand is one yeare; and that one yeare which stands, is one day: becauſe that one day hath neither riſing nor ſetting, neither begun from yeſterday, nor excluded from to morrow, but ſtandeth alwayes the ſame day. And whatſoever thou wilt, thou maiſt call this day; if thou wilt, they are yeares; if thou wilt, it is a day: thinke what thou wilt, yet it ſtandeth. For this City partakes of ſtability, being *compact toge-*

ther in it ſelfe. Worthily then, becauſe it becomes partaker of this ſtability, doth he ſay who runneth thither; *Our feet were ſtanding in thy Courts, O Jeruſalem.* For all things doe there ſtand, where nothing paſſeth: Wilt thou then ſtand there, and not paſſe? Runne thither, None hath *It ſelfe* of himſelfe. Attend Brethren: Hee hath a *body*, but this is not *it ſelfe*, becauſe it ſtands not in itſelfe. It is changed by ages, it is changed by removes of places and times, it is changed by corporall diſeaſes and defects; therefore it ſtands not in itſelfe. *Heavenly bodies* do not ſtand in themſelves, for they have their certaine changes, though ſecret: certainly

tainly are theſe changed from place to place, they aſcend from Eaſt to Weſt, and againe they goe about to the Eaſt. Theſe then doe not ſtand, theſe are not *It ſelfe*. Neither doth *Mans Soule* ſtand itſelfe. For with how many alterations and cogitations is ſhe varied, with what pleaſures is ſhee changed and from her ſelfe eſtranged, with what deſires infected and infeſted? The very *mind of man* which is ſaid to bee reaſonable, is likewiſe mutable, it is not *it ſelfe*. Now it will, now it will not: Now it knowes, now it knowes not: now it remembers, now it forgets. None then hath *It ſelfe* of himſelfe. Hee who would have had *it ſelfe* of himſelfe,

that hee might bee *it ſelfe* to himſelfe, is falne. He is falne from an Angell, and become a Devill. He drunke a health to man in pride, hee threw himſelfe downe by envying him who ſtood. He would be *it ſelfe* to themſelves, have principality to themſelves, dominion in themſelves. They would not have the true LORD, who truly is *It ſelfe*, to whom it is ſaid, *Thou ſhalt change them, and they ſhall be changed, but thou art the ſame.* Now therefore, after ſo long affliction, after ſo many diſeaſes, difficulties, labours, let the humbled ſoule returne to it ſelfe, and be in that City, *that is compact together in it ſelfe.*

Pſal. 102.

Vera

Minds tranquillity.

A Meditation gathered out of Saint *Augustine* in his Tract, upon the 147. Psal. upon these words:

„ *Who hath set peace in thy* „ *borders.* Ver. 14.

WHo *hath set peace in thy borders.* How much have yee all rejoyced? Love this, my Brethren. Wee are much delighted, when this love of *Peace* cryeth from your hearts. How much hath it delighted us?

Having as yet ſaid nothing, expounded nothing, but only pronounced this verſe, *yee have even cryed out.* And what is it that hath cryed from you? The love of *peace*: what doth it preſent unto your eyes? Whence doe yee cry, if yee do not love? Whence doe yee love, if yee doe not ſee? *Peace* is inviſible. Where is that Eye, by which it is ſeene, that it may be lov'd? Neither would it be cryed upon, unleſſe it were lov'd. Theſe are thoſe repreſentments of inviſible things, which God exhibits unto us. With what beautie hath the conceit of *Peace* ſeized on your hearts? What then ſhall I now ſpeake of *Peace*, or of the praiſe of

peace?

peace? Your affection preventeth all my words: I shall not performe it, I am not able to undergo it, I am too weake to doe it. Let us deferre all our praises of *peace* to that Countrey of *peace*. There shall wee more fully praise it, where wee shall more fully possesse it. If wee thus love *peace* begun in us, how much shall we praise it when perfected in us? Behold, this I say, my beloved Children, Children of the Kingdome, Citizens of *Hierusalem*, because in *Hierusalem* is the Vision of *peace*, and all those who enjoy and love *peace* are made blessed in it. This, which ye so much love and affect to heare named, pursue it, desire it, love it in

your Houſe, love it in your Buſineſſe, love it in your Wives, love it in your Children, love it in your Servants, love it in your Friends, love it in your Enemies. This is that *peace* which Heretiques have not. Now what doth *peace* here amidſt the uncertainties of this Region, in this Pilgrimage of our mortality; where, as yet, no one is tranſparent to another, none ſeeth the heart of another, what doth *peace?* It judgeth not of things uncertaine, it confirmes not things unknowne. It is apter to conceit well of man, than evilly to ſuſpect him. It grieves her not much to have erred, in conceiving a good opinion of

of him that was ill-affected. But dangerous it is, to conceit ill of him who (perchance) is good, not knowing how hee is disposed whom we so rashly judged. What doe I lose, if I beleeve such an one is good? If it be uncertaine whether he be evill, (albeit you are to be cautelous whether this be so,) yet are you not to condemne him as if it were so. This *Peace* commandeth, *Seeke peace, and ensue it*. Heresie, what doth it teach? It condemnes those it knowes not, it condemnes the whole World. We do now desire that *peace* which we have here in hope. For as yet, what *peace* is there in us? *The flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the*

Psal. 33.

Galat. 5.

the

the flesh. Where is there full *peace* in any one man? when shall it be full in any one man? Even then, when it shall be full in all the citizens of *Hierusalem.* When shall there be full *peace*? *When*
1 Cor. 15. *this corruptible hath put on incorruption, and this mortall hath put on immortality,* then shall there be full *peace*, then firme *peace.* Nothing then contesteth against the soule in man, shee is not against her selfe, nor in any part wounded; there is no frailty of the flesh, no corporall want, no hunger, no thirst, no heat, no cold, no wearinesse, no want, no provoking to wrath, nor surely any cautelous care of avoyding a foe, or affecting a friend.

All

All these things, my Brethren, fight against us, wee have not yet full and perfect *peace*. In that ye have cryed, (who even now hearing the name of *peace* out of your desire to *peace* have cryed) this cry of yours proceeded from thirst, not from fulnesse.

THe same Father *Augustine*, a glorious Light of the Church, a constant Champion for the truth, and a powerfull evincer of all such Errors as opposed the Truth, in his love to *peace*, composed likewise this sweet Meditation, to beget in every devout heart the like affection: Gathered out of

of his Tract upon the 36. *Pſal.* Upon theſe words: *Meeke men ſhall poſſeſſe the Earth, and ſhall have their delight in the multitude of peace. Ver.* 23.

Upon which, with a paſſionate devotion, an affectionate paſſion, hee analiſeth thus: This *Earth*, whereof we have ſo often ſpoken, is holy *Hieruſalem.* The *Meeke* ſhall be delivered from this their pilgrimage, and ſhall live for ever with God, and of God. Therefore ſhall they *poſſeſſe the Earth* for an inheritance. And what ſhall their riches be? They ſhall be *delighted in the multitude of peace.* For the wicked, hee may be delighted in the *multitude* of Gold, in the *multitude* of Silver, in the *multitude*

tude of Servants, laſtly in the *multitude* and ſtore of Wealth, of delicious Wines, ſumptuous and luxurious Feaſts. But admit, hee ſhould be alwayes ſtored, alwayes in theſe ſuted, were not his caſe to be lamented? But what ſhall be thy riches, what ſhall bee thy dainties? *Multitude* of *peace*: Thy Gold ſhall bee *peace*, thy Silver *peace*, thy Farmes *peace*, thy Life *peace*, thy God *peace*. Whatſoever thou deſireſt ſhall be to thee *peace*. That which is here Gold, cannot be unto thee Silver: That which is Wine, cannot bee unto thee Bread: That which is unto thee Light, cannot be drinke: whereas thy God ſhall bee to thee all

all things. Thou ſhalt eat him, and never hunger: Drinke him, and never thirſt: Be enlightned by him, and never become blind: Bee ſupported by him, and never faile: Hee wholly ſhall poſſeſſe thee wholly and entirely. Thou ſhalt ſuffer there no extremities for another: have him, with whom thou ſhalt poſſeſſe all: enjoy all, and hee enjoy thee all, who is all in all: becauſe thou, and hee, who is joyned in ſocietie with thee ſhall be one: Which one, God himſelf ſhall wholly enjoy in you, who ſhall poſſeſſe you.

Pſal. 36. *This is the end of a man that loveth peace.*

Chri-

Summa Philosophia, Crucis Scientia.

Christi vita, Christiani Philosophia.

Christian Philosophy.

A Meditation culled out of S. *Augustine*, in his Tract upon the 148. *Psalme*, upon these words:

„ *His praise is above the* „ *earth and the heavens: for* „ *he hath exalted the horne* „ *of his people.* Ver. 13.

WHat is his *Praise in Heaven and in Earth?* Is it because he praiseth? No, But because all things praise him, all things cry unto

to him: the beauty of all things is in some sort the voyce of those which praise the Lord. The Heaven cryeth to the Lord; Thou hast made me, not I my selfe. The Earth cryeth, Thou hast fashioned me, not I my selfe. How then doe these cry? When thou considerest these and findest this in these, out of thy consideration they cry, out of thy voyce they cry, *His praise is in Heaven and in Earth*: Consider the *Heaven*, it is beautifull: consider the *Earth*, it is beautifull: both of them are together very beautifull. It is he that made them, he that guides them: it is his command that governs them: It is hee that alters times, supplies moments.

Even

Even Hee of himſelfe ſupplies them. All things therefore doe praiſe him, whether they be in ſtation, or motion, whether they be from *Earth* below, or from *Heaven* above, whether they be in declining or renewing. When thou ſeeſt theſe, and rejoyceſt in theſe, and art lifted up in Contemplation to Him that made theſe, and conſidereſt how theſe inviſible things of his are underſtood by theſe which are made, then is *His praiſe in Heaven and in Earth*, that is, thou praiſeſt him for things earthly, thou praiſeſt him for things heavenly. And becauſe Hee made all things, and that there is nothing better than Him; whatſoever He made is

is below Him, and whatsoever seemes pleasing in these, is lesse pleasing than Hee is. Let nothing then so much please thee in these which he hath made, as He himselfe, by whom they were made. But if so thou love this which He hath made, thou art much more to love Him, by whom they were made. If these be so beautifull which He hath made, much more beautifull is Hee by whom they were made. *His praise is in Heaven and in Earth, and he shall exalt the horne of his people.* Now (in this Vale of teares, and field of tares) is the *Horne of his people* humbled in threshings, tribulations, temptations, beating of brests. When shall the *Horne of his people be exal-*

ted?

ceed? When the Lord himselfe shall come, and our Sun shall arise, not this which is seene with our eyes, and *ariseth on the good and evill*, but even that Sunne whereof it is said, *unto you that feare the Lord, shall the Sunne of righteousnesse arise, & health shall be under his wings*; and whereof the proud and wicked shall say, *The light of righteousnesse hath not shined unto us, and the Sunne of understanding rose not upon us.* Hee shall bee our Summer. Now, fruits in Winter time appeare not in the root. Thou observest how dry Trees are in winter. He that knows not the observation of these things, prunes the dry Vine before the fruit come, and, perchance, next Spring

Mat. 5.

Malac. 4.

Wisd. 5.

Spring it becomes ſo dry, as it brings forth neither flower nor fruit, when it ſhould come. Both theſe are alike in winter, this liveth, that is dead: But the life of this, and the death of that, are both in ſecret. The Summer approacheth; life appeareth in this, death is diſcovered in that. Beauty of leaves precedeth, plenty of fruit ſucceedeth: the Vine is attired with that beauty in her leafe, which ſhe retains in her root. Therefore, my Brethren, we are now while we are here, in our condition like other men. Like as they are borne, eat, drinke, live, and are cloathed, and ſo paſſe over their life; even ſo the Saints. Sometimes doe theſe

theſe things deceive men, whence it is they ſay, Behold, ſince this man became a Chriſtian, did his head never ake? Or now being a Chriſtian, enjoyes hee more than I doe? O dry Vine! Thou obſerveſt the Vine planted neere thee how naked it is in winter, but never how dry it is by heat of ſummer. The Lord our beauty will come, who lay hid in the root; and then will *He exalt the horne of his people*, after this our captivity wherin we mortally live. Whence it is that the Apoſtle ſaith, *Judge nothing before the time, untill the Lord come, who will lighten things that are hid in darkneſſe, and then ſhall everie man have praiſe of God.* But thou

1 Cor. 4.

thou wilt say, where is any root? where is any fruit? If thou beleevest, thou knowest where thy root is. For there it is, where thy Faith is, where thy *Hope and Charity* is. Heare the Apostle, *for yee are dead:* They appeared as it were dead in winter. Heare how they live, *And your life is hid* (saith he) *with Christ in God.* Behold, where thou hast thy root! When then shalt thou bee adorned with beauty? When shalt thou be multiplied in fruit? Heare what followeth, *When Christ which is our life shall appeare, then shall yee also appeare with him in glory.*

Colos. 3.

THE

THE Soules Jubilee,

Gathered from Saint *Auguſtine*, in his Tract Upon the 85. *Pſalme*,

Upon theſe words:

„ *Rejoyce the Soule of thy*
„ *ſervant: for unto thee, ô*
„ *Lord, doe I lift up my*
„ *Soule.*

„ *For thou, Lord, art good*
„ *and merciſull, & of great*
„ *kindneſſe unto all them*
„ *that call upon thee.*

REjoyce the Soule of thy Servant. Rejoyce her, becauſe unto thee do

I raiſe her. She was in earth, and in earth ſhee felt bitterneſſe: Now, leſt ſhe ſhould pine away through bitternes, and ſo loſe all thy gracious ſweetneſſe, I have raiſed her up unto thee, *Rejoyce* her with thee. For thou onely art joyfulneſſe: the World is full of bitterneſſe. Surely, very rightly doth he exhort his members, that they have their *hearts on high*. Let them then heare it & doe it: let them lift that up unto heaven, which is in an evill ſtate while it is upon Earth. For there the heart doth not corrupt, if it be lifted up unto God. If you have corne in low places, leſt it ſhould corrupt, you remove it higher: doe you then ſeeke

to

to prepare a place for your corne, and will you ſuffer your heart to corrupt on Earth? you remove your corne to an higher room, lift up your heart unto heaven. But how may I doe this, will you ſay? What Cords, what Pulleis, what Ladders are needfull? Theſe *ſtaires*, are thy *affections*: thy *way*, is thy *will*. By loving thou aſcendeſt, by neglecting thou deſcendeſt. Standing on Earth thou art in Heaven, if thou love God. For the heart is not lifted, as the body is raiſed. The body, that it may be raiſed, changeth her place, but the heart, that it may be rouſed, changeth her will, *For unto thee, O Lord, doe I lift up my ſoule: for thou, Lord, art*

good and mercifull, therefore *rejoyce her*. As one wearied and tediously affected with the bitternesse of earthly things, shee desires to bee sweetned, and hath sought the fountaine of sweetnesse, but could not find it on earth. For what way soever she turned herselfe, she found scandals, tribulations, feares, tentations: In what man living safe security? Of whom certaine joy? And if not of himselfe, how much lesse from another? For either men are evill, and of necessity wee must suffer them, yet hoping withall that they may be changed: or they are good, and so wee ought to love them, yet fearing withall lest they become evill, because

cauſe they may be changed. There, the wickedneſſe of thoſe begetteth bitterneſſe of ſoule: here, care and feare equally ſurprize us, leſt hee fall away from us, who walked ſometime uprightly among us. What wayſoever then the heart ſhall turne her, ſhe findes bitterneſſe in earthly things: ſhee has not wherewithall to ſweeten her, unleſſe ſhee lift her ſelfe up unto God her Maker. *For thou, Lord, art good and mercifull.* What is this *mercifull?* Thou ſupporteſt mee till thou perfecteſt me. For truly, my Brethren, I will ſpeak as a man unto men and of men. Let every one bring hither his heart, and behold himſelfe without flattering

and without glozing. Nothing is fooliſher, than flattering & ſeducing ones ſelf. Let every one then conſider and ſee what and how many things are acted in mans heart; and how, for moſt part, our very praiers are hindred by various thoughts, ſo as our hearts will ſcarcely ſtand firme before God. It deſires ſo to enjoy it ſelfe that it may ſtand, and in ſome ſort it flyes from it ſelfe, yet for all this it findes no lettices by which it may confine her thoughts, or barres by which it may reſtraine her diſtractions, and wandring motions, and ſtand joyfully before her God. Rare it is, that a prayer ſhould occurre devoutly fixt, amongſt ſo many

many prayers. Now every one would say, that, what befalleth him, befalleth not another, unlesse we found in the Sacred Scripture of God, that *David* in one place prayed and said: *O Lord, I have found my heart, that I may pray unto thee.* 2 Reg. 7. Hee said, hee had *found his heart*, as if it used sometimes to fly from him, and he to pursue it as a fugitive, and could not lay hold on it, and to cry unto the Lord, *My heart hath forsaken me.* Psal. 39. Therefore, Brethren, considering what hee here saith, *Thou art good and mercifull*, I conceive that for this cause he cals him a *mercifull God*, for that hee suffereth these things in us, and yet expecteth prayer from us,

that hee might perfect his good work in us. And when we have given it him, by offering our oblation of prayer unto him, hee receiveth it freely, and heareth it friendly, neither remembers hee those prayers of ours, which we so unseasonably presented, but receiveth this one which we scarcely found, yet found wee humbly offered. For tell me, Brethren, what man is he, with whom if his friend shall begin to talke, and he will not answer him, but observes him to decline from him, and to direct his discourse unto another, as if he were wholly aliened from him, who, I say, could endure this? Or suppose thou should'st intercede a Judge, and

and addreſſe thy ſelfe to him in ſuch a place as hee may heare thee, and ſuddenly, when thou ſhould'ſt ſpeake unto him, thou leaveſt him, or entertaineſt ſome trifling diſcourſe with thy friend, how could hee endure this? Yet doth God ſuffer ſo many hearts of ſuch as pray, and thinke of many wandring thoughts while they pray, I forbeare to ſpeake of thoughts hurtfull, I forbeare to ſpeake of things depraved and offenſive unto God: for to thinke even of ſuperfluous thoughts, is an injury unto him, with whom thou ſpeakeſt. Thy Prayer is a ſpeech unto God. When thou readeſt: GOD ſpeakes unto thee: When thou praieſt,

thou ſpeakeſt with God.

But what? Are wee to deſpaire of man-kind, and now conclude, that every man is damned, when any wandring thought ſhall creepe in upon him, and interrupt his prayer? If wee ſhould conclude thus, Brethren, I doe not ſee what hope might remaine in us. But foraſmuch as wee have hope in God, for *great is his mercy*, let us ſay unto him; *Rejoyce the ſoule of thy ſervant: For unto thee, O Lord, doe I lift up my ſoule.* And how have I lifted it up? As much as I could, as much as thou gaveſt me ſtrength, as ſoone as I was able to layhold on my fugitive ſoule. So long as thou ſtoodſt before me (ſuppoſe

poſe him to ſpeake in the perſon of God) thou entertainedſt ſuch vaine & ſuperfluous thoughts, as thou ſcarcely pouredſt forth one fixt or ſtable prayer unto me. What more canſt thou anſwer unto this, but, *that thou Lord art good and mercifull?* mercifull thou art in ſuffering me. I fall away through ſickneſſe, heale me, and I ſhall ſtand: ſtrengthen me, and I ſhall bee ſtrong. Meane time, till thou doeſt this, thou ſuffereſt mee: for thou Lord, art *gracious and very mercifull.* Not onely *mercifull*, but *very mercifull.* For our iniquity aboundeth, and thy mercy aboundeth. Yea full of mercy art thou to all ſuch as call upon thee.

What

What is it then that the Scripture saith in so many places, *They shall call upon me, but I will not answer.* (Certainly he is mercifull to all such as call upon him) unlesse it be for that some calling upon him, doe not call upon him, of whom it is said, *They have not called upon God?* They call, but not upon God. Thou callest for what thou lovest: Thou callest for what thou wishest in thee; thou callest for what thou would'st have come to thee. Wherefore, if for this end thou call upon God, that money may come to thee, that an inheritance may descend to thee, that temporall dignity may befall thee, thou

Prov. 1.

Psal. 13.

calleſt

calleſt upon him for thoſe things which thou deſireſt that they may come unto thee: But thou makeſt God here a furtherer of thy luſts, not a favourer of thy deſires. Is God good, if he give thee what thou would'ſt have? What if thou would'ſt have what is ill? were hee not more mercifull unto thee in not giving thee what thou would'ſt have? Yet, for all this, if hee doe not give it thee, God is as nothing unto thee: For thou ſayeſt, How long have I ſought, how oft have I ſought, and yet am not heard? But what haſt thou ſought? Perchance, the death of thy Enemy: what if he alſo beſought thine? He who created

ated thee, he likewiſe created him: Thou art a man, hee likewiſe is a man: But God is the Judge, hee hearkneth both, but hee heareth not both. Thou art ſad, for that thou art not heard in thy prayer againſt him: be glad, that hee is not heard in his prayer againſt thee. But thou wilt ſay, I did not ſeeke this, I ſought not the death of mine enemy; but I beſought the life of my child: What evill ſought I in this? Thou ſought ſt no evill, as thou thinkeſt; but tell mee, what if hee were taken from thee, leſt Sin ſhould change his underſtanding? But thou wilt ſay, hee was ſinfull, and therefore I deſir'd that hee might live, that hee might

might reforme his life. Thou desiredst that he might live better: but what if God saw that he by living longer, would become worse? How knowest thou then whether might more redound to his profit, to dye or live? Seeing then thou knowest not, returne into thy heart, leave this to the secret counsell of God. But what shall I then doe, wilt thou say? How may I pray? How maist thou pray? As thy Lord hath taught thee, as thine Heavenly Master hath taught thee. Call upon God, as God;. Love God, as God. Nothing is better than hee, desire him, covet him. See how this princely Prophet calleth upon the Lord in another

other Psalme, *One thing have I desired of the Lord, that I will require.* And what is this hee desires? *Even that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the dayes of my life:* And to what end? *To behold the beauty of the Lord.* If then thou desirest to be the Lover of God, with thy sincerest affections, and chastest sighes love him, like him, long for him, languish for him, than whom thou canst find nothing more joyfull, nothing more gracefull, nothing more cheerefull, nothing more diuturnall. For what more diuturnall, than what is sempiternall? Doe not feare that hee at any time will fall from thee, who hath made thee, that thou shouldst not fall from

Psal. 26.

from him. If then thou calleſt upon God as God, be ſecure, thou art heard; thy portion hath relation to that verſe, *He is very mercifull to all ſuch as call upon him.* Doe not then ſay, He hath not given me this. Returne unto thy heart, and diſcharge thy conſcience, examine it, doe not ſpare it. If thou haſt at any time called upon God for temporall benefits, aſſure thy ſelfe that therefore hee did not give them thee, becauſe they would not profit thee. In this, Brethren, let your hearts be edified, your Chriſtian hearts, your faithfull hearts; leſt yee fall into murmuring againſt God, by being diſcontented, when fruſtrated of your deſires: and

and in vaine it is to kick against the prick. Make recourse to the Scriptures.

Matth. 8. The Devill is heard, and the Apostle is not heard. How seemes this unto you? How are the Devils heard? They besought him that they might goe into the *heard of Swine*, and it was granted them. How is the Devill heard? He besought him,

Job 1. that he might tempt *Job*, and it was suffered him. How is the Apostle not heard?

2. Cor. 12. *Lest I should be exalted out of measure, through the abundance of revelations, there was given unto me a pricke in the flesh, the Messenger of Satan to buffet me. For this thing I besought the Lord thrice, that it might depart from me. And he said unto me,*

me, my grace is ſufficient for thee: for my power is made perfect through weakneſſe. He heard him, whom he had diſpoſed to damnation: and heard not him whom hee prepared to ſalvation. The ſick patient asketh many things of his Phyſician: yet the Phyſician gives them not, hee heares him not after his will, but for his health. Make God then thy Phyſician: aske of him health, and hee will bee thy health: not only as outward health, but as he himſelf is all health. Love not then any health beſide him, but as thou haſt it in the Pſalme, *Say unto my Soule I am thy Salvation.* What is it unto thee what hee give thee, ſo he give himſelfe unto

Pſal. 34.

to thee? Now wouldst thou that hee give himselfe unto thee? What if that thou wouldst have hee will not give thee, that hee may give himselfe unto thee? Hee removes impediments from thee, that hee may enter in unto thee. Brethren, observe and consider what God gives here unto Sinners, and hence gather what hee keepes in store for his Servants. To Sinners that blaspheme him, hee gives daily the benefits of Heaven and Earth, hee gives fountains, fruits, health, children, wealth, abundance. All these goods things none giveth but God. Hee that gives such things to the sinfull, what thinkst thou stores hee

hee up for his faithfull? Doeſt thou thinke this of him, that hee who gives ſuch things to the evill, reſerves nothing in ſtore for the good? yes truly, hee reſerves not onely earth but heaven. Nay perchance, I ſpeake of ſomething too low when I ſpeake of heaven: hee reſerves himſelfe who made Heaven. Beautifull is heaven, but more beautifull is the Maker of Heaven. But (ſaiſt thou) I ſee Heaven, but I ſee not him. Thou haſt eyes to ſee Heaven: But thou haſt not as yet an heart to ſee the Maker of Heaven. To that end came hee from Heaven to Earth, that hee might cleanſe thine heart, whereby hee might bee

bee ſeene who made Heaven and Earth. But freely with patience expect ſalvation. Hee knowes beſt with what medicines to cure thee: Hee knowes beſt how to cut thee, how to ſeere thee. Thou art become ſick through ſinne, hee comes not onely to cheere, but to cut and ſeere. Doeſt thou not ſee what paine men ſuffer under the hands of their Phyſicians, who promiſe unto them an uncertaine hope of life? Thou ſhalt bee cured, ſaies the Phyſician, thou ſhalt bee cured if I cut thee. And this is but the promiſe of man, and promiſed to man. Neither is hee certaine who ſpeakes it, nor hee

hee who heares it : becauſe hee ſpeakes it unto man, who made not man, nor perfectly knoweth what may become of man : yet gives man credit to theſe words of man, who knowes not what becomes of man : hee ſubmits his members unto him, hee ſuffers himſelfe to bee bound, or ſometimes unbound he is cut and ſeer'd : and perchance hee recovers health for a few dayes, yet after this ſhort recovery of health, hee knows not when hee muſt dye ; and perchance hee dyes while he is in cure, or perhaps hee cannot bee cured. But to whom hath God at any time promiſed, and deceived?

THE

Illum Horreo
Summa affluentia,
Cujus cordis Scrinio
Sana Conscientia.

THE Christian Storehouse,

Rendred from Saint *Augustine* in his Tract upon the 64. *Psalme*, upon these words:

„ *Wee shall bee satisfied*
„ *with the pleasures of*
„ *thine House*, even *of*
„ *thine holy Temple.*

WHat are those good things of the house of God? Brethren, let us suppose to our selves some rich

rich Houſe, imagining it to bee ſtored with all good things, how plenteous it may be, what ſtore of veſſels of gold and ſilver there may bee, how numerous a family, what abundance of ſtock and ſtore, in a word how the Houſe it ſelfe may delight us with pictures and ſtructures of marble, arched Roofes, curious Columns, ſpecious Spaces, ſumptuous Rooms: behold, ſuch things are deſired, but as yet out of the confuſion of *Babylon*. Prune all theſe deſires, O Citizen of *Hieruſalem*, prune all theſe: if thou wilt returne to thine heavenly City, let not captivity delight thee. But if thou haſt already begun to

goe out of *Babylon*, doe not looke behind thee, doe not loyter in the way. There want not yet Enemies to perſwade thee to ſtay ſtill in thy captivity and exile. Let not then the ſpeeches of the wicked prevaile with thee. Deſire the *Houſe of God*, and deſire the *good things* of that *houſe*: but not ſuch, as thou uſeſt to deſire either in thine owne Houſe, or in thy Neighbours or Patrons Houſe. There is *goodneſſe* of another nature in this Houſe. What need wee to declare what thoſe *good things* be of that Houſe? Let him expreſſe them who ſingeth in his going out of Babylon: *We ſhall bee ſatisfied with the pleaſures of thine Houſe*. What

are

are those pleasures? Sometimes, perchance, wee erected our hearts to gold, to silver, and other pretious things: doe not seeke such, these oppresse, they doe not refresh. Let us here then meditate of those *pleasures* of Hierusalem, those *pleasures* of the *House of the Lord*, those *pleasures* of the *Temple of the Lord*: because those *pleasures* which are of the *House of the Lord*, those are *pleasures* of the *Temple of the Lord*. *Wee shall bee satisfied with the pleasures of thine House: Holy is thy Temple, wonderfull in righteousnesse.* These are the *pleasures* of that House. Hee sayes not, thy holy Temple wonderfull in Pillars, wonderful in Pictures, wonderful

in Marbles, wonderfull in gilded buildings, but *wonderfull in righteousnesse*. Thou hast outward eyes, wherewith thou maist see marble structures, golden statues: but within is the eye wherewith thou maist view the beauty of Righteousnesse: within, I say, is the eye wherewith thou maist view the beauty of Righteousnesse. If there bee no beauty in Righteousnesse, whence is it that the Righteous old man is loved? What may his body present to delight the sight? Hee presents crooked lims, a rugged forehead, an head whitened with hoary haires, weakenesse in all parts, full of aches and complaints. But, perchance, though this de-

cre-

crepit old man delight not thine eyes, hee may delight thine eares. With what voyce? with what song? For though, perchance, while hee was young, hee sung well, all those ayres are decayed with age. For can the sound of his words possibly delight thine eares, seeing he can scarcely pronounce his words through the dropping decay of his teeth? Yet if hee bee just, if he covet not that which is anothers, if hee out of his owne distribute to the necessity of others, if he admonish discreetly, and understand rightly, if hee beleeve sincerely, if hee bee ready for the profession of truth to bestow even his decayed

lims (for many have beene Martyrs when they were old) wee are moved to love him. But whence is it that wee love him? What good thing doe wee see in him with these eyes of our flesh? Nothing. There is then a certaine beauty of *righteousnesse*, which wee see with the eyes of our heart, and which wee love, and wherewith wee burne. What was it that begot so much love in men to these Martyrs, when their lims were piecemeale torne by beasts? When their bloud wherewith their Corps were embathed, distained all things; when their bowels were rent and shed abroad with the teeth of beasts, had the eyes any ob-

objects but spectacles of horrour? What was there in them that could bee loved: but that in such a Shambles of torne members, there appeared an unblemished beauty of *righteousnesse*? These are the *pleasures of the House of God*; with these prepare thy self to be *satisfied*: but that thou maist bee herewith *satisfied* when thou commest thither, it behoves thee to hunger and thirst after it, while thou art a stranger: Thirst after this, huger after this, for these shall bee the *pleasures of God*. Heare that King to whō these things are spoken, who came to recall thee, and through himselfe hath made a way for thee, what sayes hee? *Blessed are they who hunger and*

Mat. 5.

thirſt after righteouſneſſe, for they ſhall bee ſatisfied. Holy *is thy Temple, wonderfull in righteouſneſſe.* And doe not thinke, Brethren, that this ſame *Temple* is without you. Love *righteouſneſſe*, and ye are the *Temple* of God.

MAN

MAN His owne Foe.

WHat an Enemy is *Man* to himselfe? Hee sees above him, *Heaven*, offering it selfe unto him; below him, *Hell*, threatning perdition to him; On *Earth*, hee sees nothing worthy his affecting. Friends hee obserues, and hee finds them Shadowes of time: the best of their con-

ſtancy cloaths it ſelfe with a *ſeeming mourning*, and cloſeth all thoſe glorious proteſts of *Devotion* and *Service*, with a teare-ſacrifice to his Urne.

All thoſe faire Monuments of his diſcerning providence are razed; thoſe undeſerving Palmes, which afforded him applauſe, now cloſed. Thoſe Annals of his care, to an unknowne poſterity recommended. Thoſe precious vading houres, which well expended, might have gain'd him eternity, are ſo many Heralds to deblazon his vanity. Time hee had enough to eſtate him in immortality; but *pleaſure*, *honour*, or *earthly profit* appeared ſuch precious pearls in his

his bleered eye, as hee could reſerve few or no minutes for ſo ineſtimable a purchaſe, as the permanent poſſeſſion of a future happineſſe. Hee eyed that leaſt, which would have cleared his eye-ſight moſt: making that his Supreme Object, which ſhould in Wiſdome have beene his loweſt Subject. He could not poſſibly affect ought more, than what conduced leaſt to his ſpirituall improvement. Were he in company; thoſe hee made choice for his conſorts, whoſe debauch't courſe had ſprinkled a deepe tincture on their fame: and had made them onely exemplary in that which deſerved imitation leaſt. Did hee walke abroad; hee made no uſe of thoſe

thoſe various objects, which might have diverted his eye from admiring the excellence of the creature, to fix and inſpheare it in the ſole ſatisfying Contemplation of his Creator. Not the leaſt ſprig, ſeed, or graſſe-pile, but reteined in it a myſterious impreſſion of ſo exquiſite an Artiſt: yet with what an eaſie contempt and perfunctory reflex, hee lookes on theſe, as if they dictated nothing to him but a vading vanity? Yet ſee, poore groundling! if ſome flouriſhing Meadow, faire Paſture, fruitfull Farme, or any other attractive object of ſenſuall *profit* preſent their ſight and ſite unto him; with what a paſſionate interbreath hee

hee ſalutes theſe earthly objects, with a ſervile irregular wiſh; *Oh that theſe were mine!* Meane time, hee h'as more than hee enjoyes; and enjoyes leſſe peace, by ingaging his rough rubbiſh deſires to every place. What an angling hee makes to catch that, which catcheth him moſt? Hee makes the *Day* his *Purveyor* for the world; the *Night* his *Remembrancer* of his cares: So as, that very time which was allotted Man for reſt, becomes his diſquiet.

If hee aym^e at *Honour*, hee makes it his flame; and never leaves it, till his ayry wings be ſinged by it. Secure hee was before hee fought; but as one wearied in

in the *haven*, he commits his unstear'd vessell to the dangers of the *Maine*; where his *Competitors* bee those *Pilots* which plash him; who never leave him, till they cause his *Top* and *Top-gallant* to yeeld with dishonour; which, his unbounded spirit unable to brooke, becomes his secret Pioner.

When *Pleasure* seazeth his Fort; how long and tedious are those slow-running houres, which divide him from idolatrizing his light-affected Mistresse? What numerous fancies his deluded imagination suggests to him; presenting to his intranced Conceit, more moving Objects of imaginary delight, than the looseſt

Siba-

Sibarite ever yet enjoyed? Hee reteines a constant modell of her favour, feature, posture; but how light shee weighs in the *Scale* of *honour*, hee never dreames. Hee flatters himselfe with the conceit of her reply, upon the delivery of a set speech; farced with farre more complement, than ornament of art. Poore foole! How much a scattred or raviſh'd *favour* transports him! Meane time, shee works on his fortune, while shee guls his guilded person with a seeming affection. Thus splitted in his fortune, hee becomes cashiered of his temporary favorite. And now *Time* comes, and must needs draw his feature.

Heavens

Heavens bleſſe me; how like a fleſhleſſe Starveling, this amorous Skeleton lookes! Hee, who once fed on fancy, longs after a more ſubſtantiall food to refreſh his appetite.

Our *two late Prophets* talkt of *Droughts* and *Plagues*; and his inceſſant deſire is by a petitionary way (for otherwiſe his exhauſted fortunes cannot worke, nor project him a courſe to ſubſiſt) that they would intercede (if their phanatick illumination would give leave) that the *Drought* of his ſeered liver might bee quenched, and the *Plague* of his purſe cured.

Wee have now Epitomiz'd *Man* to his full; and diſ-

discovered him to be the only occasion of his owne fall. Oh that hee would recollect himselfe! and consider from whence hee came, what hee is, and whereto hee must goe.

First, let him reflect upon the state of his earthly being; that weake contexture whereof hee is moulded; Next, what weake and infirme supports hee stands on; and how soone those shaking *Bases* shall decline, when necessitated Fate shall undermine them; Lastly, those miseries one mispent houre shall make him lyable to: when with sighes, and teares, and what not; hee shall petition for redemption of time, which want of time will

will not afford him; nor all his powerfullst Advocates on Earth procure him; nor all his prayers and teares, be they never so plentifully effused, assure him.

O Man! Seeing then, *Earthly Honor* becomes a corroding Competitor to the Owner; ayme at that, which shall without corrivalship highly improve, and securely confirme the injoyer.

Seeing, *Worldly wealth* sates not the desire, but ministers fresh fuell to the possessor; addresse thy more erected thoughts to that sole-sufficing and entirely-enriching treasure, which shall cloze thy safely-confined desires for ever.

Lastly, Seeing thou art so much

much transported with the vading shadow of *Worldly Pleasure*; fix thy sole content on that absolute good, which transcends all extent: So shalt thou, who before wer't a *Foe* to *thy selfe*, become a *Friend* to *Him*, who to redeeme thee, ingag'd himselfe.

TWO

TWO Devout Prayers, Or Meditations of F. *Lewis* of Granado, gathered forth of his Meditations in *Spanish*, and heereto annexed.

God forbid that I should rejoyce, but in the Crosse of our Lord Jesus Christ, whereby the world is crucified to me, and I unto the world, Gal. 6. 14.

To Christ Crucified.

WEe adore thee, O Lord Jesu Christ, and blesse thy holy Name, for that thou

thou haſt redeemed the world by this thy Croſſe. Wee give thankes to thee, moſt gracious Saviour, for that thou haſt ſo highly loved us, and cleanſed us by thy bloud from our ſinnes: as likewiſe, for that thou haſt offered thy ſelfe upon the Croſſe for us, that with the moſt ſweet ſmell of this thy moſt noble Sacrifice, inflamed with the fire of thy love, thou mightſt reconcile GOD to us, and procure our peace with him. Bleſſed bee thou for ever, O Saviour of the World, O Reconciler of men, repairer of Angels, Reſtorer of Heaven, Triumpher over Hell, Conquerour of the Devill, Au-

Authour of life, Destroyer of Death, and Redeemer of them, who sate in darknesse, and shadow of Death.

To

To the sacred mystery of the Crosse, by JESUS Sanctified: And to JESUS, who was on it crucified.

O Crosse, thou draweſt hearts more powerfully unto thee, than the *Adamant* doth *Iron*: Thou more clearly enlightneſt our minds, than the Sunne doth mens eyes: Thou more vehemently inflameſt our ſoules, than fire doth

No fire gives quicker heat to heath, than Chriſts Crosse to mans heart. No fire works more upon combuſtible matter, than the wood of the Crosse on a pliable nature.

Meaning by this *Materiall wood* of the Crosse of Christ, that *Spirituall Wood* of Life, Christ Jesus hanging on the wood of the Crosse.

doth coales. Wherefore, O most holy Crosse, draw mee unto thee powerfully: enlighten mee continually: inflame mee vehemently and vigorously, that my mind and cogitation may never depart from thee: Thou also, my good JESU, illuminate the eyes of my soule, that in this Crosse I may understand how to behold thee: to wit, that I may not onely contemplate those extreme sorrowes which thou sufferedst for my sake, and take compassion of them: but that I may also know, that the examples of those many and excellent Vertues, which thou heere exhibitedst, were to mee recommended, that they might by mee be imitated. Wher-

Wherefore, O thou Teacher of the World, O thou Physician of our soules, here doe I come to the foot of thy Crosse, shewing my wounds and sores unto thee: heale mee, O my God, and prescribe mee what I should doe. I acknowledge, and confesse, O Lord, that I am vehemently addicted to sensuall affections, and too great a Lover of my selfe, which selfe-love I perceive hindereth much my spiritual profit and proficience. So as, being oft-times ensnared either with my pleasures and delights, or deterred with the labour of fasting, I lose the benefit of pious and devout exercises: with the losse whereof my salvation

likewiſe is endangered. This ſenſuality of mine is to mee very tedious, very grievous: for truly it deſires at ſet houres to feaſt * daintily and delicatly, it deſires after dinners and ſuppers, to ſolace it ſelfe in diſcourſes and delights; likewiſe, to take the ayre, walke in gardens and arbours, alwayes affecting one recreation or other: but teach thou mee, O Lord, by thy example what I ought to doe. O with what confuſion, with what ſhame doe I conceive my ſelfe to bee cloathed, ſo often as I behold, after what ſort thou entertainedſt that moſt delicate, and moſt tender body of thine? In the midſt of thoſe anguiſhes and dolours of

* Delicacy the Devils darling.

of thy most bitter death, thou ministredst to it no other repast nor receit, than that which was * confectioned of gall, and vinegar, by those cruell and hatefull Apothecaries. And at that time, whose tongue, I pray thee, durst complaine of thy * meat, that it was eyther cold or raw, and ill dressed, or too quickly, or slowly dished, upon sight of that Table spread, O Lord, for thee, in that thy so great necessity? In stead of delights and discourses, which I seeke in my Suppers, and banquets, thou hadst the voyces of them, who with moving, and mowing, and wagging their heads, derided and blasphemed thee, saying,

* Christs confection.

* Christs refection.

* Christs Musique.

* *Hey, thou that destroyest the Temple, and buildest it in three dayes.* This was the musick, this the harmony of thy banquet. Likewise, when thou stuckst nailed hand and foot upon the Crosse, this

* Christs Perambulation.

was thy * walking into the Garden. For albeit, thou hadst another garden, whereto thou retiredst after supper, yet was it not to walke in, but to pray in; not to refresh thee, but to shed thy bloud: not to delight thee, but to grieve, sorrow, and bee in the agony of death. What shall I say more of the rest of those refreshments of thy blessed flesh? My flesh requireth a soft bed, a pretious weed, spacious and specious houses, but tell thou mee, O my

my holy Love, what an one might be thy chamber? What thy houſe? What thy garment? Thy garment is nakedneſſe, and thy purple the * habit of deriſion. Thy * houſe is to bee converſant in publike aſſemblies, expoſed to the diſtemperatures of Sunne, and ayre; and if I ſeeke for any houſe of thine beſides this, it is a ſtable for beaſts. *Foxes* have their holes, and the *Sparrowes* of heaven their neſts: But thou the Creator and Maker of all things, haſt not whereon to * lay thine head. O yee curioſities and ſuperfluities, how comes it to paſſe, that there is any place left for you among Chriſtians? Either let us ceaſe to be Chriſtians,

* Chriſts habit.
* Chriſts houſe.
* Chriſts repoſe.

or let us caſt from us all theſe delights and ſuperfluities: ſeeing our Lord and * Maſter hath not only caſt from him thoſe things which were ſuperfluous, but even thoſe things alſo which were neceſſary.

* Chriſts converſation, our imitation.

Now it remaineth, Lord, that I ſee what a Chamber thou haſt. *Tell mee*, O ſweet Lord, *where it is that thou lyeſt, where thou ſleepeſt at noone?* I lay mee downe here at thy feet: teach mee, what I ought to doe. For this my ſenſuality will not well reliſh a Sermon of thy Croſſe. I deſire a bed ſoft and ſweet, and if I awake at Prayer time, yet doe I ſuffer my ſelfe eaſily to bee overcome by ſloth: I expect likewiſe a morning ſlum-

ſlumber, that I may get reſt for my head. But tell mee, O Lord, what reſt thou hadſt upon that * bed of thy Croſſe. When as leaning on the one ſide, thou wert wearied, how couldſt thou reſt thee on the other ſide, that thou mightſt bee eaſed ?

* Chriſts bed.

May not thine heart here burſt? May not all thy ſenſuality here dye? O ſolace to the poore! O, ſhame to the rich! O ſtrength to the penitent! O condemnation to the ſoft and delicate! Neither is JESUS CHRISTS bed for you, nor his glory for you.

O Lord, give mee grace, that after thy example I may ſubdue and kill my ſenſuality; but if not, I beſeech thee,

that even this very moment thou wouldſt take my life from mee. For it is not reaſonable nor tolerable, that thou ſhouldſt bee fed upon the Croſſe, both with Gall and Vinegar, and I ſeek after delights, and moſt exquiſite dainties: Nor that thou ſhouldſt bee ſo poore and naked, and I with ſuch earneſtnes hunt after worldly riches, and ſo wretchedly love and affect them: Nor that thou ſhouldſt have a *Croſſe for thy couch, and I ſeeke a ſoft bed, a pleaſant chamber, and delight of the fleſh.

* Chriſts cradle a Cribbe, his couch a Croſſe.

Bee aſhamed therefore, O my ſoule, when thou beholdeſt thy Lord, hanging upon the Croſſe: Where imagine

imagine him to bee * preaching unto thee, and rebuking thee after this manner. I tooke for thee (O man) a Crowne of Thornes: Thou in contempt of mee, weareſt a garland made of Flowers. I for thee, ſtretched out my hands upon the Croſſe: wilt thou reach thine forth to pleaſures and dalliance? I dying, could not quench my thirſt ſo much as with water: wilt thou ſeeke after precious Wines and Viands? I, both on the Croſſe, as likewiſe all my life long, was full of reproaches, and ſorrowes: wilt thou beſtow thy time upon honours and pleaſures?

* Chriſts Sermon upon the Croſſe.

„I ſuffered my ſide to bee
„opened, that I might
„make thee even partaker
„of my heart: wilt thou
„have thine expoſed and
„opened to vaine and peril-
„lous loves?

A Short and fruitfull Confession of a Sinner unto God, for obtaining Contrition.

O God of ineſtimable and eternall mercy, God of unmeaſurable piety, God the Creator and Redeemer of mankind, who purifieſt the hearts of ſuch as confeſſe their ſinnes unto thee; who releaſeſt all ſuch from the bond of iniquity, as accuſe themſelves before the ſight of thy divine majeſty: I beſeech the power and depth of thy goodneſſe with inward groanes:

groanes: that according to the multitude of thy mercies, thou wouldst grant mee to make a pure and sincere confession before thee of all my sinnes, whereof my guilty conscience doth accuse mee. And that thou wouldst give mee true repentance for all such things as I have committed, in naughty thoughts, depraved cogitations, wicked consent, unjust counsell, in concupiscence and uncleane delights, in evill and hatefull words, in malicious works, in my seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling, and touching. I truly even in all my members doe conceive my selfe guilty above measure: because, as the starres of heaven, and sands of the Sea; so doe

I know my ſinnes to bee innumerable. But to thee, Lord, who knoweſt all ſecrets, and who haſt ſaid, *Thou deſireſt the repentance of a Sinner*, doe I reveale all the ſecrets of my heart, accuſing my naughtineſſe, and my many and very great ſinnes, which I have committed before the eyes of thy fearefull Majeſty, all my wretched life long, eſpecially theſe *(here for the better increaſe of thy devotion and ſpirituall compunction, maiſt thou particularize ſome of thy grievouſer Sinnes)* with all thoſe my evils, which are open and manifeſt, O God of mercy, in thy ſight. And now, O moſt gracious LORD, looke upon mee

mee and have mercy on mee, and give unto mee a fountaine of teares and remission of all my sinnes, through thy free mercie, and that with inward confession of heart, and affection of desiring remission, seconded with so sincere a Confession. Rectifie and reforme in mee, O most loving Father, whatsoever is depraved in mee, either in word, deed, thought, through my owne impietie, or the Devils subtiltie; and by joyning mee a member to the unity of the Church, make mee partaker of thy Redemption; and admit mee to the Sacrament of blessed reconciliation, as one who hath no confi-

dence

dence but in thy mercy and compaſſion.

A Confeſsion of Sinnes, by Bleſſed *Anguſtine.*

O Mercifull, pitifull, great and terrible God: I confeſſe unto thee my ſins; to thee, to thee, doe I diſcover

cover my wounds: for thine ineffable goodneſſe beſtow a Salve on mee. Thou, O moſt mild Lord, vouchſafedſt to ſay: *I deſire not the death of a ſinner, but rather that hee may turne from his wickednesſe, and live.* I confeſſe, that my life is in thy ſight wicked and crooked, that my life is falling into the lake of miſery, and my Soule periſhing in my iniquities. Luſt, ſinfull delight, naughty works, wrath, pride, impatience, malice, envy, gluttony, ebriety, theft, rapine, lying, perjury, ſcurrility, fooliſh ſpeaking, murmuring, detraction, ignorance, infidelity, diſtruſt, negligence of Gods Commandements, as contagious glagues have

ſlaine my Soule. Mine heart and lips are polluted. My ſeeing, hearing, taſting, ſmelling, and touching have enfeebled my Soule with ſinnes, and I am wholly loſt as well in my cogitation, as action. I beſeech thee, O my Lord God, whoſe mercy hath no end, draw mee unto thee, as thou dreweſt that *ſinfull woman*. As thou gaveſt grace unto her, not to ceaſe from kiſſing thy feet, waſhing them with her teares, and wiping them with her haires: ſo graciouſly vouchſafe to grant unto mee, that according to the greatneſſe of mine iniquities, thy great love may bee in mee, that for thine unmeaſurable pietie, thou maiſt forgive mee all my

my sinnes. Bestow on mee pardon for evils past, continence for evils present, and cautelous prudence for evils to come: Grant mee, I beseech thee, before I dye, most fully to obtaine thy mercy: and suffer not my dayes to bee ended, till my sinnes bee pardoned, but as thou willest and knowest, have mercy on mee, *Amen.*

A PRAIER before the holy Communion.

HAile, O moſt holy fleſh and bloud of Chriſt, whereof I am made partaker in theſe viſible Elements. Haile O thou higheſt ſweetneſſe, who knoweſt no loſing, takeſt away all loathing, deſtroyeſt death, reſtoreſt life. Haile thou bleſſed food, which leadeſt thine Elect from the exile of this World to their Country. Haile thou happy Sacrifice, which art offered upon the Altar

Altar of the Croſſe, to God the Father, for the whole burden of our ſinnes. Haile thou *Manna* more white than ſnow, more ſweet than honey, more precious than all gold. Take from mee, I beſeech thee, O good Shepheard, mine iniquities: that with a purified heart and ſpirit, I may deſerve to taſte theſe *Holy of holieſt*. Let this venerable Sacrament bee an impregnable Safeguard to mee againſt the deceits of the enemy: that fed with this wholeſome *Viand*, I may paſſe the ſlippery wayes of this life, in a blameleſſe converſation, and come unto thee, the Bread of life, and the true Lord of Angels, without any hinderance

rance of the Devils ſubtilty or malice. O Lord heare mee, bee pacified with mee, attend mee, and tarry not from mee, O my God, for thy goodneſſe ſake. For none can bee worthy of ſo great a myſtery, unleſſe thou, ô Omnipotent God, make him worthy, *Amen.*

A PRAIER OF *Th. Aquinas*, to be said after celebration of the holy Communion.

I Give thankes to thee, O holy Lord, Omnipotēt Father, Eternall God, who hast vouchsafed to refresh me thy grievous sinner, and unworthy servant, for no deserts of mine, but for thy sole mercy sake, with the precious Body and Bloud of thy

thy Sonne our Lord JESUS CHRIST. And I beseech thee, that this holy Communion may not bee of guilt to mee unto condemnation, but a soule-saving intercession of remission and consolation. Let it bee unto mee the armour of faith, and the shield of good-will. Let it bee unto mee a removing of my vices, a rooting out of lust and licentiousnesse, an increasing of Charity and Patience, Humility and Obedience, and of all Vertues. Let it bee a strong defence against all mine Enemies, as well visible, as invisible; a perfect quieting and composing of my motions, as well carnall as spirituall: a constant cleaving in thee, the one

one and true God: and a happy consummation of mine end. And I beseech thee, that thou wouldst vouchsafe to bring mee thy most unworthy sinner, to thatineffable Banquet, where thou with thy Sonne and holy Spirit, art true light, full satiety, sempiternall joy, consummate gladnesse, and perfect felicity to thy Saints: Through the same Christ our Lord, *Amen.*

Another Praier of S. *Bonaventure.*

MOst ſweet Lord JESU, tranſpierce the marrow and bowels of my ſoule, with the moſt ſweet and wholeſome wound of thy love; with cleare, ſincere, and moſt holy Apoſtolicall Charity, that my ſoule may languiſh, and melt alwayes with the onely love and deſire of thee; Let her long and faint after thy Courts; Let her *deſire to be diſſolved, and to be with thee.* Grant, that my

ſoule may hunger after thee, the bread of Angels, therepaſt of holy ſoules, our dayly bread, ſuper-ſubſtantiall, having all pleaſantneſſe of taſte, and all delight of ſweetneſſe: May mine heart alwayes hunger and feed on thee, on whom the Angels deſire to looke, and with the ſweetneſſe of thy taſte, let the bowels of my ſoule be filled: May ſhee alwayes thirſt after thee, the fountaine of life, the fountaine of Wiſdome and Knowledge, the fountaine of eternall Light, the ſtreame of pleaſure, the fulneſſe of the houſe of God: May ſhee alwayes looke about for thee, ſeeke thee, finde thee, draw towards thee, come to thee, meditate

of

of thee, converſe with thee, & doe all things to the praiſe and glory of thy name, with humility and diſcretion, with love and delectation, with facility and affection, with perſeverance to my diſſolution: And bee thou alwayes my onely hope, my whole truſt, my riches, my delight, my joy, my gladneſſe, my quiet and tranquillity, my peace, my ſweetneſſe, my perfume, my ſolace, my meat, my repaſt, my refuge, my ſuccour, my wiſdom, my portion, my poſſeſſion, my treaſure, wherin my mind and mine heart may be alwayes fixed, grounded, and unmoveably rooted. *Amen.*

A PRAYER for all Judges, and Justiciaries.

O Almighty God, who judgest iniquity in equity, and doest inscrutable things: Thou, who weighest the mountaines in a balance, and wilt bring the *Judges* of the Earth to judgement: Direct their understandings to discerne

cerne what is right, give them courage and resolution to doe what is right. Give them wisdome in their waies, faithfulnesse in their works, uprightnesse in their walkes. Remove from them covetousnesse; and let it bee their ambition to advance thy glory. Let neither rewards bee in their hands, nor revenge in their hearts. Take from them all drousinesse and dulnesse, all security and remisnesse. Imprint in their hearts a feare of thy name, a reverence to thy throne, and in all their judgements a sweet attemprature of *mercy* and *judgement*. Make them tremble when they call to mind whom they personate; and

In ore gratiam, in more jugaciam, in morte solatium.

imitate thee in being compassionate. Let not the *Orphans' prayers*, nor the *Widowes teares* be unremembred: seeing these are bottled up by thee, let them not bee despised by them that represent thee. O let *righteousnesse drop upon the Earth*, that as dew falleth upon the grasse, so every flowry border of this thine *inclosed garden*, may bee watred by the dew of thy grace. Suffer not this Iland to mourne, nor her People to grone, because of injustice, oppression, and wrong. Put an hooke in the nostrils of all such imperious *Judges*, who *take thy Law into their mouth, and hate to be reformed*. As for those, who turne *Judgement* to *wormewood*,

Amos 4.7.

wood, and leave of *righteousnes* in the Earth. These, who *buy the poore for silver, and the needy for shoes*. These, that *put farre away the evill day, and approch to the seate of iniquity*: The Lord will be avenged of them: *Hee will smite the great house with breaches, and the little house with clefts*. But remove these judgements from thine *Israel*, O God: May no corruption raigne in her Palaces, nor iniquity in her pathes. May a Zeale of thine house, a feare of thy name, a love of piety, an hate to partiality, seize upon the hearts of all *Judges* and *Justiciaries* in this Kingdome, that they may execute their places without respect of persons, and afterwards raigne with

Ibid. 8.
6.
Ibid. 6. 3.
11.

those three individuate Persons, GOD the Father, GOD the Sonne, and GOD the holy Ghost, Trinity in Unity, and Unity in Trinity, to whom bee all Glorie, *Amen.*

A

A Prayer for Peace or tranquillity of Mind.

GRacious God, who art a God of peace, and haſt pronounced a *bleſſing* upon thoſe who make peace, give mee that which thou bleſſeſt, that I may enjoy what thou loveſt, embrace that which thou approveſt, affect that which thou commendeſt, poſſeſſe that wherin thou delighteſt. Thou knoweſt that debates, variance, and contention doe diſtract our devotion, diſtemper the

affection, disquiet every good motion, disturbe every pious intention. Grant therfore, I beseech thee, that these differences to which I am ingaged, or may hereafter bee intangled or inthralled, be to the glory of thy great name, the preservation of mine honest repute and fame, and quiet of my affaires, peaceably composed. Cut out of mee towards my family all severity, towards my familiars all disloyalty, towards my Neighbours all extremity. Grant mee peace of mind in my living, peace of conscience at my dying, and after death that peace which *passeth all understanding*. Cause all tumults of the flesh to cease in mee, all im-

immoderate affections to decreaſe in mee, all inordinate motions to dye in mee. Sanctifie my heart, purifie my mind, direct my ſpirit, erect my faith, correct my life. Remove from mee all occaſions of difference, that I may find quietneſſe of conſcience. Grant that I may *ſow the ſeed of righteouſneſſe*, walke in the wayes of holyneſſe, make profeſſion of my faith with all ſingleneſſe, that I may come to the poſſeſſion of happineſſe. Let mee *ſeeke peace and enſue it*, Love thy Law and purſue it, reforme thine Image and renue it. Suffer not the tempeſts of this world to diſmay mee, the errors of this life to perplex mee, or the terrors of death

death to appall mee. I know, O Lord, affliction to bee bitter to him that ſuffers it impatiently; but ſweet to him that ſuffers it conſtantly. Thou proveſt thoſe thou loveſt, and afflicteſt thoſe thou affecteſt. Affliction then cannot be bitter, when it maketh us better. What though diſgrace obſcure mee, wrongs inure mee, reproach impeach mee, injuries preſſe thicke upon mee? I am made ſtrong through him to beare them, who bore the Croſſe for me, ſuffered all diſhonour for mee, ſhed his bloud for mee, loſt himſelfe to finde mee, became ſold to redeeme mee, racked upon the Croſſe to reach mee a Crowne, climing Mount *Calvarie*, to mount

mee

mee to glory. O make mee then ready in my ſuffering to imitate thee my Saviour! Though warre aſſaile mee without, give mee peace within. Humble my Spirit, that I may bee of that temper, as I may ſtill reflect upon the Image of my Saviour, that living in his feare, I may dye in his favour, *Amen.*

X X

Of

Of the presence of the Conscience in every place:

Gathered out of Saint *Bernards* Meditations. Cap. XIII.

I Cannot conceale my sinnes: because whithersoever I goe, my Conscience is with mee: carrying with her whatsoever I have laid up in her, bee it good or evill. Shee keepes for mee living, shee renders to

to mee dying, whatſoever ſhee hath received from mee, to bee laid up in her, or kept by her. If I doe well, ſhee is preſent, or if I ſeeme to doe well, and thence become proud, ſhee is preſent likewiſe. Shee is preſent with mee living, ſhee followes mee dying, every where is there inſeparable confuſion for mee, according to the quality of that which is laid up in my Conſcience by me. Thus, thus, in mine owne houſe, and from mine owne family have I accuſers, witneſſes, Judges, and tormentors. My Conſcience doth accuſe mee, my memory is a witneſſe againſt mee, Reaſon is my Judge, Will my Priſon; Feare my Tormen-

mentor, delight my torment.

For ſo many as there have beene of evill delights, ſo many there ſhall bee of ſharpe and painfull torments: for thence are wee puniſhed, whence wee are delighted.

A consideration right pithy, profitable, and proper, to inforce in us a more serious Meditation of the former.

WHither then wilt thou fly, O miserable soule, or where wilt thou make thy retire? Neither to the *East*, nor to the *West*, nor to the *desart Mountaines*. Fly thou maist, but escape thou canst not. Woe is mee, what a day of terror will that bee, when thou shalt finde no place to secure thee, no friend

friend to ſpeake for thee, no meanes to reprive thee, all to reprove thee, none to relieve thee. When *Adam* muſt bee brought from his buſhes, and *Sarah* from behind the doore, and man ſhall ſay to his Conſcience, as *Ahab* ſaid to *Elias*, *Haſt thou found mee, O mine Enemy?* Poore guilty ſoule, though thou ſhouldſt fly from the *Field* to the *City*, from the *City* to thy *Houſe*, from thy *Houſe* to thy *Chamber*, yet wouldſt thou finde no reſt. For there, even there, where the wals incloſe thee, privacie ſeemes to ſecure thee, the Curtaines of the Night to obſcure thee, yet there will thy ſurcharged *Conſcience* accuſe thee, thy *Memory* wit-

Auguſt. in Enar. ſup. 45. Pſalm.

witneſſe againſt thee, the rule of *Reaſon* judge thee, thy *Will* impriſon thee, *Feare* torture thee, *Delight* torment thee. Miſerable Creature, where pleaſure becomes a torture, delight a torment! Alas! if thou hadſt none without thee to hunt thee, thou haſt one within thee will haunt thee, afflict thee, affright thee, though none ſhould purſue thee: *The wicked flee when none purſueth.* O caſt thine eye upon thyſelfe, and ſee if thou bee not one of this number. What haſt thou done during thy wayfaring in this vale of miſery, that might deſerve the leaſt drop of Gods mercy? What ſinnefull motion haſt thou not admitted? what ſenſuall action

Prov. 28, 1.

action not committed, what spirituall direction not omitted? Behold thy ſtate in ſin conceived, by ſinne deceived, and into Satans family received! Thou haſt ſurfeted in the delights of *ſinne*, and eſtranged thy thoughts from the joyes of *Sion*. Thou hadſt rather enjoy the pleaſures of ſinne for a ſeaſon, and to the ſlavery of ſenſe ſubject the Principality of reaſon, than by contempt of Earth lay thee a ſure foundation in heaven. Miſerable ſoule, what will become of thee, when theſe earthly joyes ſhall bee taken from thee, when theſe time-ſuting friends which ſeeme to love thee, ſhall leave thee, and by reaſon of that *corrupt ſhell* wherein

wherein thou ſojourneſt, ſhall loath thee? When left to thy ſelfe, and through anguiſh of ſpirit well neare bereft thy ſelfe, thou ſhalt call for comfort, but none will come neare thee; for one of thy many fri nds, but none will heare thee; for one minutes reſt, but none will eaſe thee; for the leaſt hope of comfort, but none will cheere thee. Where canſt thou looke, and not finde new objects of grie'e? If to *Heaven*, ſee how thy ſinnes have incenſed it; if to *Earth*, ſee how thy example hath defil'd it; if to *Hell*, ſee how thy ſinnes purchaſe hath deſerved it! What haſt thou to plead for thee? What ſuccour, what ſhelter to ſecure thee?

thee? Alas! now thou art to bee presented before a Judge, who is upright, and will not bee bribed; who is all-seeing, and will not bee blinded; who is equally minded, and will not be bended. Forged oathes cannot delude him, personall respect deprave him, hireling Advocates by perswasion draw him, or powerfull Potentates by countenance oreawe him. The Judges of the Earth shall bee judged by him; and the Kings of the Earth shall tremble before him. O what will become of thee (sinne-soiled soule) in these *straits* of extremity, these intricate *mazes* of misery! Poore thou art, and who will enrich thee? naked of good

good workes, and who will cloath thee? Hungring after this world, which cannot feed thee; thirſting after honours, which cannot fill thee. O how long haſt thou preferred the prodigals huskes of vanity, before the delitious viands of eternity? How long haſt thou turned in thy bed, *like a doore on the hinges*, promiſing thy ſelfe ſecurity, when nothing was farther from thee? O reflect upon thy miſery, and implore gods mercy! Even that God, in whoſe ſight the *very Heavens are uncleane*, ſuch is his purity. That God, which came not to call the *righteous*, but the *ſinner* to repentance, ſuch is his piety. Art thou ſick? Yea ſin-ſick, ſoule-

* *Electrum lachrymarum, Electuarium animarum.*
* *Lachrymæ peccatorum, sunt vinum Angelorum.* Bern. sup. Cant. *Myrrham oculorum dicimus merum Angelorum.*

soule-sick. * *Teares* are the best *Electuary* to cure this desperate malady. The **penitents brine* is the *Angels wine.* When Sinners weepe, Angels rejoyce: for right well they know, that they which *Sow* in *teares*, shall *reape* in *joy.* Bee a *Turtle* then in thine heart, passionatly throbbing; a *Pelicane* in thy brest, compassionately piercing; an *Hart* in thine eyes, incessantly weeping; a *Swan* in thy voyce, deaths Elegy singing, a *Philomel* in thy note, for thy lost chastity sighing, a *Crane* in thy life, circumspectly watching. O shut, yea speedily shut, I say, thine *eyes* from vanity, that the Objects of Heaven may onely delight thee; shut thine

eares

eares from levity, that the ſubject of vertue may invite thee; ſhut all thy *ſenſes* from the deluding motives of ſenſuality, that *reaſon* may bee thy guide, the *love* of *God* thy *goad*, *Heaven* thy *goale*, *peace* of *conſcience* thy *crowne* of *glory*. Shut the doore of thine inner Chamber, and there poure out thine heart to Gods honour: where repoſing, and from the world retyring, thou maiſt thus invoke him, thus invite him.

„ Let nothing bee unto mee
„ (I beſeech thee) pleaſant
„ without thee, nothing
„ ſweet, nothing ſpecious,
„ nothing appeare unto mee
„ without thee precious.
„ Let all things appeare vile
„ unto mee without thee.

„ Whatsoever is contrary
„ to thee, let it bee displea-
„ sing to mee: and let thy
„ good-will and pleasure, be
„ my indeficient desire and
„ endevour. Let it irke mee
„ to rejoyce without thee,
„ let it delight mee to re-
„ joyce with thee, and weep
Anselm. „ with thee. O good JESU,
„ if it bee so sweet to weep
„ for thee, how sweet is it to
„ rejoyce for thee? Thus to meditate, is to recreate thy wearied soule in the greene pastures of spirituall comfort; to bath thy panting soule in the pure chrystalline streames of eternall solace; to refresh thine hungry spirit with Heavenly *Manna*; to tune thy voyce to an holy *Hosanna*. Oh then, leave to love

love the world before thou leave the world. *Redeeme the time, because the dayes are evill.* Avoid the *occasion*, lest thou become void of *reason*. Examine thy wayes, thy words, thy works. Subtract an houre from thy sleeping, to adde to thy praying. Mans security is the Devils opportunity. Watch therfore, for thou knowst not when the *Theefe* will come. The holy Hermit S. *Anthonie*, who became first professor of an Eremiticall or solitary life, when he had read that divine sentence of holy Scripture, ——*Goe and sell all that thou hast*, presently conceiving it to be meant by him, hee did so. *Goe and doe thou likewise.* Follow thy sweet Saviour in

Damas. in Hist. Barlaam.

Luke 10.37.

a devout contempt of the world, from the *Cribbe* to the *Crosse*, from mount *Olivet* to mount *Calvary*, and from the tree of his *Crosse*, hee will reach thee a *Crowne* of glory. Follow, I say, with fervour, the steps of thy Saviour. Say with holy *Hie-*
„ *rom*, If my mother should
„ hang about mee, my father
„ lye in my way to stop mee,
„ my wife and children weep
„ about mee, I would throw
„ off my mother, neglect my
„ father, contemne the la-
„ mentation of my wife and
„ children, to meet my Sa-
„ viour, Christ Jesus. *My*
„ *heart is ready, my heart is*
„ *ready, doe what thou bidd'st,*
„ *and bid what thou wilt.* But above all things, that thou maist

Licet sparso crine, scissis vestibus, ubera quibus te nutrierat, mater ostendat, licet in limine pater jaceat, per contemptam matrem, per calcatum patrem, perge siccis oculis, & ad vexillum Crucis evola.

maiſt bee at peace with thy Maker, and more gracious in the ſight of thy Saviour, make the Evening the dayes Calendar: Say to thy ſelfe; *O my ſoule, what haſt thou done to day?* What ſinne haſt thou healed in thee? wherein was God honoured by thee? How haſt thou increaſed or decreaſed, profited or failed? Doing thus, thy *Conſcience* ſhall not accuſe thee, but defend thee; thy *Memory* ſhall not witneſſe againſt thee, but for thee; thy *Reaſon* ſhall bee a Judge to acquit thee, not condemne thee; thy *Will* ſhall not reſtraine thee, but free thee; no *Feare* ſhall affright or come nye thee; no *Delight* ſhall torment

Hieron.

thee; but as thy delight was in the Law of the Lord, so thy delight shall bee in the House of the Lord for ever. *Even so come Lord Jesus, come quickly.*

Rev. 22. 20.

Upon

Upon theſe Miſcellane Meditations, with other mixt Subjects, conteined in this precedent Tract;

A clozing Sonnet.

MOrall mixtures or Divine,
Aptly cull'd and couch'd in order,
Are like colours *in a ſhrine,*
Or choice flow'rs *ſet in a border,*
Or like diſhes *at a Feaſt,*
Each attended with his ſallet,
To delight the curious Gueſt,
And give reliſh to his palat.

Store of colours, *they are meet,*
When wee ſhould ones picture take,
One choice flow'r *bee't neere ſo ſweet,*
Would no pleaſing poſie make,
One Diſh *be it neere ſo precious*
To the Sent *or to the* Taſt,
Though at firſt it ſeeme delicious,
It will cloy the Senſe at laſt.

Here are Colours *permanent,*
Objects which will cheere the eye,
Here are Flowers *redolent,*
Which will bloome and never dye,
Here are Diſhes *of delight,*
(Such delights can never cloy)
To renew the appetite,
And to new-revive your joy.

Muſe not then, if here you ſee
In this various Worke *of mine,*
Such a mixt variety,
Sorting with this hum'rous time:

Though

Though the Sunne ſhine in our Sphere,
Cloud or Night invelop it,
But the Sunne ſhines ever here,
Darting forth pure rayes of wit.
Now the fruit I wiſh to gaine,
Is your profit for my paine.

FINIS.

A reply to a rigid Preciſian, objecting, that flowers from Romiſh Authors extracted, became leſſe wholeſome and divinely redolent.

SIr, it was your pleaſure poſitively to conclude touching Flowers of this nature, that they loſt much of their native beauty, vigour and verdure, becauſe culled from a Roman border: wherein I referre you to

to that ſententious Poet, to returne you anſwer.

Flores qui lambunt terræ vapores,
Non magis tetros referunt odores,
Nec minus ſuaves redolere Flores,
TIBRIDIS oris.

Which I have thus rendred in true currant Engliſh, fearing leſt that Latine metall might diſreliſh your more queaſy palate.

Flow'rs which doe lick up from the Earth a vapour,
Yeeld to the noſthrils ne're the w rſer ſavour,
Nor bee theſe Soots leſſe redolent in odour
Which grew by TIBER

A

Christian Diall;

By which hee is directed, how to dispose of his houres while he is living, how to addresse himselfe for the houre of his dying, and how to close his dayes with a comfortable ending.

Faithfully rendred according to the Originall.

To the Generous, Ingenious, and Judicious, Sir WALTER VAVASOR Knight and Baronet; together with his Vettuously accomplished Lady:

R. B.

Zealously consecrates this *Christian Diall.*

To your Grand-father *have I welcom him,*
Receive this Gage *in memory of him;*
Whil'st no Sun-Diall *may more truly give*
The houre oth' day, than this the way to live.

THE LIFE

Of JOHANNES JUSTUS LANSPERGIUS, a *Carthusian*;

Authour of these Meditations entitled,

A *Christian Diall.*

IOHANNES JUSTUS LANSPERGIUS, borne of honest parents at *Lansperge* a Towne in *Bavaria*, after such time as hee had finished his course in the study of Philosophy at *Cullen*, hee

hee gave there the name to the Order of the *Carthusians*, wherein being growne Famous for the space of 30. yeares, both by example of manners and piety, as also by writing Books of Devotion and Sanctity, he slept in the Lord the 4. of the Ides of August, in the yeare of Christs Nativity,

M.D.XXXIX.

A Christian Diall;

By which he is directed how to dispose of his houres while he is living, how to addresse himself for the houre of his dying, and how to close his daies with a comfortable ending,

Faithfully rendred according to the Originall.

A briefe Institution, with an Exercise for an happy death: expressed in a familiar Conference betwixt God and the Soule.

AS there is nothing, O Soule, which may make the love of the world more distastfull unto thee, or that may bring thee to so great con-

contempt of it, and of all creatures in it, as the consideration of the shortnesse of this life, and certainty of death, whereby all thy endevours, all thine honours, all thy pleasures, thoughts, desires, and all thy joyes shall perish: So is there nothing that may solace or refresh the loving Soule with greater joy, than the beleefe and hope she hath to become associated to mee, united to me, and swallowed up in mee: where there is hereafter no offence, no sinne, no separation, no danger, no feare, no sorrow. Where the Soule full of charity may alwaies praise mee, alwayes magnifie me, become most perfectly obedient, most perfectly pleasant unto mee,

mee, and that shee may bee with mee, where shee may desire nothing, love nothing, feele nothing else beside me, where she may wholly possesse me, & be wholly possessed by me. These things, forasmuch as they cannot firmly nor fully befall thee in this life, but then onely, when thou shalt bee with mee in my Kingdome, to wit, when all thy desires shall bee satisfied, both in praising and loving mee, and when I shall bee *all in all*. Therefore it is, that thou justly craveſt, and justly with thy whole heart desireſt in that Prayer which I gave thee, *Let thy Kingdome come*. Wherefore, O daughter, if thou loveſt mee rightly, faithfully, fervently: thou wilt

wilt desire with all thine heart, this *Kingdome*, that is, this state or condition; for this with sighs thou wilt pray, to wit, that my *Kingdome may come*, wherein thou maist with most sweet love bee to mee united, wholly in mee melted and molded.

The love of God is the faithfull soules guide.

And because (as I said before) this cannot come to passe but by death, therefore this *Death*, which is the gate and passage to *life*, is to my Saints in *desire*, and *life* in *patience*. Hence thou seest, how a soule perfectly loving mee, feareth not death. For whath hath such a Soule to lose by exchange of this miserable-unhappy life, but the state of sinning, snares of offending, occasions of ruine, de-

deceits of enemies, ſelf-frailty, feares, with other innumerable Occurrents, which ſtraiten the Soule, either ignorant, or weake, or lukewarme, (not to ſpeake here of the dangers of the body) and therefore alwayes fainting and falling. Many things here would the ſoule have which ſhee ought not, or wch ſhe even knowes not though ſhee would have them. Many things would ſhee which ſhe cannot. In many things is the ſoule ignorant, blind, and walking among Snares, or in darkneſſe, whence ſhee knows not how to free her ſelfe. How then may ſhee not worthily wiſh, how not rejoyce, that ſhee is delivered from theſe ſorrowes, and

and dangers? Why therefore, O Soule, doest thou feare, why dost thou not desire death? For tell mee what evill shall death bring unto thee? If thou feareſt nothing in this world, death can take nothing from thee. If thou love any thing in this world, it is with danger, yea thou loveſt thine owne danger. Ceaſe therefore to love the world before death, that thou maiſt nothing at all feare death. Furthermore, if thou love me onely in this life, joy for that thou ſhalt dye, for that thou ſhalt never enjoy what thou loveſt, before thou dye. But I know what thou feareſt: Truly, thou loveſt nothing in this world, thou poſſeſſeſt no-

nothing which thou wouldst not loſe, or grieveſt to loſe; yet feare and terror ſurprize thee, becauſe thou knoweſt not whether thou beeſt worthy of love or hate; thou knoweſt not how thou art to bee entertained by mee, whether to reſt or puniſhment.

O daughter, thou oughtſt not to bee too curious after the knowledge of theſe things, yea it is not expedient for thee to know them. Stand conſtantly, although thou feare; in hope and affiance, both living and dying, ſet thy reſt upon mee. Thou canſt not live well of thy ſelfe, neither canſt thou dye well of thy ſelfe. Thou haſt both from mee. What, if

if I shall give thee grace to live holily, shall I not also give thee grace to die happily? Seeing thou hast all things from mee, expect all things of mee, how canst thou expect the one, and despaire of the other? Of thy selfe thou canst neither live well, nor dye well. Put thy trust therefore in me, cast thy thought upon mee, ground all thy feare and care upon mee. As thou canst resist no tentation, avoid no sinne living, so neither dying. If I forsake thee not living, if I faithfully prevent tentation, and moderate it in thy life, that thou maist beare it: I am ready to doe the very same unto thee at thy death; that thou maist van-

vanquish it. Never goe to fight with thine owne weapons, but rely on mee. If thou rely on mee, I will fight for thee. And if thou have mee fighting with thee and for thee, what hast thou to feare, who art nothing of thy selfe? And as concerning the condition or quality of death, feare nothing. There is no kind of death that can hurt the just: for the just man, with what death soever hee shall bee surprized, shall bee at rest. Wherefore, let it trouble thee nothing, whether thou die at home or abroad, in thy bed or in thy field: neither art thou to feare, whether the death bee naturall or violent, which takes thee away. For if one kind

kind of death were more unhappy than another, all my Saints (surely) were most unhappy, the most part whereof in times past, in the judgement of the world, and eye of flesh, most unhappily ended this life. Which of mine holy Martyrs dyed a naturall and timely death? Whom hath not the violence of the * Crosse, racke, fire, or sword extinguished? Nothing therefore shall it hurt thee, whether thou dyest of the plague, or an apoplexy, or any other kind of death, in the bed, or in the field. Onely watch, that thou maist bee found in *faith*, *hope* and *charity*: and no death or kinde of Buriall shall harme thee. But forasmuch as

* *Nec locus sufficeret crucibus, nec cruces corporibus.* Joseph. *lib. 5. de Bell. Jud. cap. 28.*

speaking to thee, I likewise speake to them, who are as yet imperfect in my love; I advise you all in this, that yee love innocence, and hate iniquity. If thou hast at any time sinned, what Soule soever thou bee, cease, grieve, repent, that thou hast sinned, so long as thou livest. Yet so repent, if thou wisheſt to thy selfe a fruitfull repentance, that thou returne not againe to thy sins, or to thy former state of sinning. Alwayes expect death, and prepare thy self for it, as if thou wert at this very present to dye. But lest some devout institution should be wāting to the weake in spirit, by which supported, they may learne in some sort how to dye,

dye, I will adde ſomething more to theſe. Firſt therefore, thou oughteſt to remember what mine Apoſtle ſaith, and what Truth it ſelfe ſpeaketh, *Yee have not here an abiding City, but ye ſeeke for one that is to come*; unto which here in this world, no otherwiſe than in a journey yee walke as Pilgrimes. Now your Pilgrimage is ended, when your life is clozed. Death therefore is the very *laſt line*, running betwixt this *exile* wherein yee are, and the *Countrey* whereto yee goe; ſo as, there is no other gate, by which yee may paſſe from this valley of your Pilgrimage, and enter your Countrey, your heavenly inheritage, but by death. Death

Excellent Motives for the weake in Spirit, preparing them how to die.

then most certainly doth wait for you, like as a most certaine end is limited to your life. But this difference there is betwixt the good and evill, that here in your Pilgrimage yee all travaile mixtly, all, I say, albeit not all in a right way; yee long after your blessed Countrey: all yee, so long as yee are in your journey, although yee wander, may returne unto the true way. But when yee shall come to the end of your journey, in the gate it selfe, that is, at the point of death, yee are discerned, that Some of you may passe from exile unto life, others to misery and eternall death. It is not then lightly to bee considered, nor negligently observed,

ſerved, how every one is to bee prepared before death come. For there yee leave all things after you, in which yee truſted. Bee they riches, honours, friends, or any other vaine thing whatſoever, they ſhall availe you nothing at the houre of death, but leaving theſe behind you, ye ſhall goe naked unto the Tribunall of God, to receive according to your works. What blindneſſe, nay what madnes is it then, to rejoyce here in your journey, to love fraile things, which profit nothing; to neglect the time and occaſion of living well, and as if without all ſenſe of God, through drouſineſſe and dryneſſe of mind, to relliſh thoſe things

onely which are of the flesh, to have in pursuit those things onely which are *outward*, and not at all to consider the dangerous state of the *inward man*, and so to come unto death? Alas; how innumerable are those miserably wretched ones who are here deceived, with the love of the world ensnared, and by drawing after them the yoake of the Devill, how unhappily slaved? And thus unexpectedly they come unto death, with hearts both hardned and blinded. Alas; how unhappy is the end of their life, with whom there was never Meditation of death, nor preparation for health?

Such things therefore are to bee rejected, as hinder the spirit,

spirit, delight the flesh; Such things to bee relinquished as are not expedient; In such sort is every one to live every houre, as if that were his very last, wherein he should dye and goe to judgement. This is the most fruitfull, profitable, & soveraigne counsell, O Daughter, that thou maist live after this manner, and that death may be to thee no terrour. Now then, if not continually, yet frequently, should that houre bee presented before thee, as if it were before thine eyes, wherein thy soule going out of thy body shall be judged for all thy workes, words, and thoughts. This therefore oughtst thou even at this present to injoyn thy

A divine Memoriall.

ſelfe, that thou maiſt live ſo even now, to the end thou maiſt be found ſo prepared, as thou wouldſt thy ſelfe to bee prepared, whenſoever death ſhall undoubtedly come. It is the property of a moſt ſottiſh and ſenſeleſſe heart, to deferre amendment of life to that time, when time expireth, when thou canſt live no longer, when now thou art not to amend thy life, but to appeare before God as thou art already amended. Surely, not ſinnes only, but even all things doe leave thee going out of this life. Thou art not then properly ſaid to leave thy ſins, when thou canſt now ſin no more: But if whileſt thou haſt ability to ſin, thou ceaſe from

from sin; true repentance is never to be called late: but this which is deferred to the end of thy life, it is to be feared that it is seldome true. For if through feare of damnation only, being even now to die, thou sorroweſt, and art ready for the avoiding of punishment to performe any taske, be it never so extreme, to obtaine pardon: Thou sorroweſt not out of *charity*, in that thou hast offended God, but out of *selfe-love*, for that thou wisheſt to thy selfe good and not evill. For thou sorroweſt, because thou hast brought to thy selfe eternall damnation by thy sinnes: Wheras, if thou rightly sorroweſt, for this only wouldſt thou sorrow, in that thou, so

disobedient unto me, so unthankfull to me, so reproachfull to me, hast not exhibited due honour and reverence unto me: whom thou oughtest with al affection to have honored, whatsoever should befall thee. Whereas now, forasmuch as thou only sorrowest for thy selfe, if danger were avoided, or no revenge on sinne inflicted, thou wouldst never lament, though thou hadst offended me a thousand yeares together. True *Repentance*, which reconcileth the soule unto me, springeth from *Charitie*, and bewaileth this especially, that shee hath so greatly and grievously contemned and offended mee her best, greatest, graciousst, and most faith-

No true Repentance without Charitie.

faithfull LORD GOD, her Creator and Redeemer. Hence, I say, is his heart wounded, for as much as so unthankfully, so disobediently, and so proudly, being but dust and nothing; hee hath lifted up his head against me. Whosoever therefore desireth to dye happily, let him (as mine Apostle admonisheth him) live *soberly, justly,* and *holily*. An evill death followeth not a good and just life, but *precious in my sight is the death of my Saints*; yea, after what sort of death soever they die, that is, whether they dye by water, or fire, or in bed. But to prepare thee all the better for death, the Meditation whereof is the life of every wise man; take here

Meditation of death, the wise mans life.

here along with thee this short exercise, by which every one may instruct and addresse himselfe, that he may take a course to be found in that state, in which he may not feare to dye.

Wholesome Admonitions, teaching a Christian how to *dye well.*

WHATSOEVER dying thou wouldst wish that thou hadst done, doe the same even now. Whatsoever thou wouldst have done, doe not commit this unto others to be done after thy death, but doe thou it

it thy ſelfe, for if thou thy ſelfe bee negligent of thine owne ſalvation, and a traytour to thy ſelfe, how ſhall ſtrangers tender thy happineſſe? Doe not repoſe truſt in uncertaine and vaine promiſes: neither commit thy ſelfe to doubtfull events. So live and ſo doe, that thou maiſt bee ſafe in thy conſcience, and as if thou wert this day to dye. Never goe to ſleepe, till ſuch time as thou haſt examined the expence of the day, with the conditions and actions of thy life. Diſcuſſe and call to judgement thine heart, and examine all thy ſenſes, and whether thou art become better or worſe this day. Never goe with that conſcience to ſleepe,

sleepe, with which thou dareſt not dye. If thou findeſt thy ſelfe in that ſtate, wherein thou feareſt to dye, ſearch out the cauſe of this feare. For (peradventure) ſome ſins are in thee, whereof thou haſt not as yet repented, or refuſeſt to confeſſe; or elſe thou forbeareſt to abſtaine from ſinne, and occaſions of ſin, or thou takeſt upon thee ſome profeſſion, office, or vocation, which I admit not of; or thou continueſt in hatred, or in the unjuſt poſſeſſion of others goods, or too much affected to the deſire or delight of temporall affaires, or taken with the inordinate love of ſome creature, or drowned with the delight of earthly and viſible things

Motives of fearing Death.

things (as of honour and riches) thou canſt not turne thy ſelfe to mee, taſting nothing of thoſe things, which are of the *Spirit*, but onely let looſe to outward things, and loathing thoſe which are divine, therefore it is that thou feareſt death: Becauſe thy ſoule guiltie of evill in her-ſelfe, foretelleth what torments ſhall befall her after death. If any of theſe ſhall be in thee, thou oughteſt to abhorre, purſue, and with all thine endevour to free thee of them. For which purpoſe, and the better effecting of ſo glorious a deſigne, it may helpe thee much to imitate my ſteps, embrace my croſſe, and with rigour of mind, and with holy hatred commenced

Spirituall Phyſick againſt this fearfull diſtemper.

ced against thy selfe, to denounce warre upon all thy vices, to have a purpose to sinne no more, frequently and infatigably to renue the same, with no infirmitie or pusillanimity to be dejected, to contemplate the examples of me and my Saints, to commend thy selfe to the prayers and exhortations of good men, to give way to my inward and divine inspirations, to exercise prayer and holy reading, never to admit of idlenesse, to love silence and retirednesse. These and such like doe change the naughtinesse of the mind, and chase away the feare of death. When thou shalt come in the end of every day, say thus to thy selfe:

"Now

" Now is my life become " shorter by one day. Earely when thou riſeſt, ſay thus to thy ſelfe: " O Gracious " God, now am I nearer to " death by one Night.

Christian Memorials.

An Exerciſe, whereby earely, or whenſoever thou willeſt, thou maiſt poure out thy heart unto God, for *a good death.*

O Omnipotent, eternall God, my Creator and Lover, I praiſe, laud, adore, and bleſſe thee, for that thou ſo mercifully and patiently haſt ſuffered mee, groveling in

in my sins and my unthankfulnes, even unto this houre, to which thou of thy goodnesse hast brought mee, enriching me with thy benefits, conferring this life with things necessary for this life upon me, with an angelicall guardian protecting me, and inlarging towards mee thy mercy, who am injuriously inworthy, and a spectacle of misery. Ah gracious God, who knoweth whether the terme of my life shall be prorogued to the evening? O what death shall I desire? O most mercifull Lord, God, and Father, give unto mee contrition, whereby with all mine heart I may bewaile my sins, and my offending thee. And doe not suffer my soule

to

to goe forth from her bodie, till she be reconciled to thee in mercy, adopted to thee by grace, adorned with thy merits and vertues, inflamed with most perfect charitie, and accepted according to thy all-good-will and pleasure. O most gracious Lord Jesu Christ, if this I desire of thee do please thee, grant it unto me, although I bee most unworthy to bee heard of thee; grant unto me, I beseech thee, for thine infinite mercies, and the merits of thy passion, that I may bee purged in this life from all my sins, that dying, and through vehement and true contrition pricked, and in most ardent charitie to thee united, I may goe out unto thee

thee, my most sweet Redeemer, being forthwith freed and secured from all damnation, and future affliction. Notwithstanding, O most loving Jesu, I doe offer and resigne my selfe unto thee, whether it be to poverty, penury, or any other extremitie, for thy glories sake, according to thy good-will and pleasure: beseeching thee only this, that thou wouldst bee mindfull of my frailty, vilenesse, weakenesse, and misery, as also of thy goodnesse and charity, that thou wouldest never forsake mee, nor depart from mee, but that thou wouldst alwayes wholly governe and possesse mee, according to thy good pleasure. *Amen.*

An

An oblation of Christ and his merits to his *Father*.

O Omnipotent most gracious Father, I doe offer unto thee all those pains, dolours, reproches, stripes, and rebukes, all adversities, extremities, and labours of thine onely begotten Jesu Christ, the Lambe immaculate, which hee suffered in his body for me; likewise all his actions, and every of his members afflicted for me, his bloud shed for me, and with prophane feet trampled; also his

his moſt noble and devout Soule, ſeparated from his lovely Body for me, his merits likewiſe and infinite vertues. Likewiſe the powers or faculties of his Soule and body, and all thoſe vitall parts in him, given up unto death for mee, albeit inſeparably united to his Divinity: yea, the whole Chriſt, thy bleſſed Sonne, God and man, omnipotent and infirme, deſpicable and glorious, doing wonders and hanging upon the Croſſe, theſe (I ſay) doe I offer unto thy ſacred Majeſty, to the expiation and ſatisfaction of all my ſins, and of all the world, and to the mortification and extinction of all mine evill paſſions, affecti-

ons,

ons, and vices, to the ſupply of all my negligences, and to thy praiſe, and thankſgiving for all thy benefits. O God be mercifull unto me a miſerable ſinner, for his ſake. Have mercy on mee for the love of Jeſu Chriſt, thy beloved Son.

THE

THE DYING mans Diary,

Or

A Christians *Memento mori;*

Divided into a five *dayes Exercise.*

THere are, who all the yeare long present the figure and feature of Death before them by some certaine Exercise, and prepare themselves no otherwise

wise for death, than if they were even then to dye, and that for the space of *five dayes* continually. The first day, they meditated of the griefes & infirmities which goe before death, and horrour of death: unto all which they resigne themselves. The next day, they thinke of their sins, confessing them with so great diligence and intention, as if they were to dye presently after their confession. Therefore they spend this day in sighs and teares. The third day, they come unto the blessed *Eucharist* with all the fervour they may, receiving it as their *Viaticum* in their passage from this their exile. The fourth day, they

make continuall supplications unto God, for the unction of the Holy Spirit, whereby they might be illuminated, and the hardneſſe of their hearts mollified: And this they do, as it were, for *extreme unction*. The fifth day, they become moſt fervent Supplicants unto God for a ſpirituall death: wherby they may perfectly dye to the world & to themſelves, and live with God. And to everie of theſe dayes may be applyed proper Pſalmes and Prayers, as alſo divine invocations, & giving of thanks, for all benefits conferred by God upon them all their life long.

Jam. v. 14. Mar. 6. 13.

Profitable Counsell for one approaching *neare the point of death.*

O Daughter, seeing thy selfe in this extremitie, prepare thy *soule* for God; so order and dispose here in thy life time of thy goods temporall, that after thy death no difference nor debate may arise. It is most profitable for thee to dispose of thy goods in thy life time, and to redeeme thy sins, whilest thou liveſt, with works of mercie. Whatsoever thou wouldest recommend to others to doe for thee, labour

to doe it of thy selfe. For if after death thou go to eternall torment, the Provision of a Will, a pompous Funerall, Almes and Doales after death, what will these availe thee, when thou art damned? Offer these Oblations to me now whilest thou art living, that thou mayest not onely be delivered from thy sins, but by increasing in my grace, never fall into damnation, but by my preventing grace preserving thee from sin, persevere in good works even to the end. When death draweth neare, see that thou wholly free thy selfe then from all unnecessarie cares and imployments, strive to meet me immaculately, affectionately, faithfully, promising

miſing nor preſuming nothing of thy works, but through my aſſured mercie to obtaine Salvation: And in this faith committing and commending thy ſelfe, and all thou haſt in this world, to my providence and good pleaſure, receive the Sacraments humbly and devoutly. Thoſe peculiar priviledges and graces alſo, which have power in them through my merits, and are given by mee as a treaſure unto the Church (albeit many oft-times abuſe them, as they do other moſt holy things) if thou canſt have them, cauſe them to be applyed unto thee. For even this, verie holy perſons of both ſexes,

and famous for their miracles, have formerly done.

An Exercise, wherein the sick person with *sighs and groanes* (*because* otherwise it can scarcely be *done*) *may resigne himselfe unto* God, and fervently desire, *that he may deserve to be joyned unto him.*

O Most faithfull Lover, most mercifull Lord Jesu Christ, grant unto mee, that with heart and mind I may feele, what I say: *As the Hart brayeth for the rivers of water, so panteth my Soule after thee, ô my God. I have chosen to be an Abject in the house of the*

the Lord, rather than to dwell in the Tabernacle of sinners. Blessed are they that dwell in thy house, ô Lord, for ever and ever shall they praise thee. My Soule hath thirsted after thee, ô God, when shall I come and appeare before thy face? Why art thou sorrowfull, ô my Soule, and why art thou so disquieted within mee? Trust in the Lord; therefore will I now confesse my selfe unto him, the Salvation of my countenance, and my God. Shew the light of thy countenance upon thy servant, ô Lord, save me for thy mercies sake. Let me not be confounded for ever, for I have called upon thee. Be not far from mee, ô my God. Looke downe upon mee and help mee, ô my God. The poore is left unto thee, Thou wilt be the Orphans

helper. Thou art my refuge in my tribulation, which hath compassed mee: O my joy deliver me from these that encompasse mee. Make hast to helpe mee, ô Lord God of my Salvation. For thou art my strength, and my refuge, my helper and my protector. Doe not then leave me, nor despise me, ô God of my salvation. Behold I come unto thee, ô my God, whom I have despised and offended: for the whole earth is full of thy mercie. Therefore doe I flie unto thee, my most mercifull Father. Receive mee according to thy word, when thou sayest; (I WILL NOT THE DEATH OF A SINNER) and let mee live, and confound mee not in my hope. O my God, I doe not pray unto thee, for a life temporall, but

but I call upon thee for the Salvation of my Soule, who art life eternall. O my ſweet Lover, O my Lord God, for as much as I have offended thee; for that I have neglected thine inſpirations and admonitions, for that I have at any time loved ought beſide thee, or without thee, for this, O my Lord God, for this doe I grieve: And I beſeech thee, that thou wouldeſt give unto mee ſo much grace, as I may with all mine heart grieve and lament during everie moment of my life. Would to God that I might poure out and offer unto thee everie drop of my bloud with teares, for griefe and love, into thy moſt ſweet heart. O ſweet Jeſu, I

neither desire nor expect of thee life nor death, but thy good will and pleasure: may it be done unto mee according to thy will. If it be thy will, O my sweet Jesu, that I shall dye, receive my spirit: And although I come in the Evening, as the verie last of all, grant unto mee, that I may receive eternall rest with thee, and in thee. But if it be thy will that I shall live longer, O sweet Jesu, I purpose this, and I crave the assistance of thy grace for this, to amend the rest of my life, and to offer my selfe wholly as a burnt Sacrifice unto thee, to thy glorie, and according to thy good will and pleasure. O most desired Jesu, for as much

much as I have consumed my life in sin, to the reproch of thy glorious name, nor to this day have begun to serve thee: grant unto mee, that I may now at last perfectly begin, and employ all the powers of my Soule and Body, and all the remainder of my time given mee by thee, to thy glorie, and according to thy best and most perfect will.

O most mercifull Jesu, be thou neare mee in these my paines and miseries, with which I am straitened, and if any more grievous than these shall come upon mee, for that I have deserved not onely more grievous, but most grievous by reason of my sins: grant that I may patiently

patiently beare them. O sweet Jesu, if I had never at any time sinned, nor at thine hand evilly deserved, notwithstanding to thy glorie, and for thy love, good will, and pleasure, I offer and resigne my selfe unto thee, either in these or any other punishments, to deale with mee according to thy will, not my worth, but in the multitude of thy mercies, on which I relye, and on which I call, that by thy power thou wouldest raise and rouze up the frailtie of my flesh, and strengthen with longanimitie, and confirme with patience the pusillanimitie and instabilitie of my Spirit: that I may not fall downe, as one either vanquished

ſhed with tentation, or faint through puſillanimitie: but ſwallowed up with the moſt burning heat of thy love, I may onely ſigh after thee, onely deſire thee, and leave, loath, and contemne the world, with all that is in it: giving thee thanks with all mine heart, for all things, whether miniſtring unto me occaſion of joy or ſorrow.

O moſt loving Jeſu, I chuſe thee, I wiſh thee, I deſire thee, I meet thee, and I renounce whatſoever thou art not in mee: what thou willeſt, I will: what thou nilleſt, I nill: whatſoever thou abhorreſt, I abjure. And though ſometimes, that which is contrarie to this will in mee, may be incident unto

unto mee, I beseech thee, O my God, that thou wouldst not impute it unto mee, nor judge mee according to that depravednesse of Will in mee, but according to this Election of my mind, by thy grace wrought in mee. Because I contradict all those things which I ought not to will: yea, though (which for thy mercie sake avert) I hereafter vanquished, should consent unto, yet now doe I accurse and abjure them.

O most loving Jesu, if it please thee, and redound to thy glorie, grant unto mee that I may be preserved in this life from all sins and punishments, into which after death I ought otherwise to come, to which I am subject,

ject, or may possibly come, and that thou wouldst receive my Soule by the hand of thy mercie, immediately from this life to eternall joyes.

O Lord Jesu Christ receive my Spirit, &c.

A CHRISTIANS LAST-WILL, OR TESTAMENT.

Containing

A PROTESTATION or Testament, not unprofitable to be repeated, or meditated of everie Christian at the point of death.

Composed, as may be probably gathered, by JOANNES LANSPERGENSIS, and faithfully rendred according to the Originall.

A CHRISTIANS LAST-WILL, OR TESTAMENT.

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A Protestation or Testament, not unprofitable to be repeated, or meditated of everie Christian at the point of death.

Composed, as may be probably gathered, by JOANNES LANSPERGENSIS, and faithfully rendred according to the *Originall*.

IN the name of the *Father*, and the *Son*, and *Holy Ghost*. *I. M.* an unhappie Sinner, redeemed with

with the most precious bloud of our Lord Jesus Christ, and that for his great love towards mee, no merit of mine, doe confesse and acknowledge publikely, or by this hand-writing, or in these words, before the Omnipotent God, and before the whole hoast of Heaven, and before you, so many as stand here as witnesses about me, (if necessitie shall so require) that I am, and desire so to dye, a son truly obedient to the holy *Catholique Church*, with that sinceritie as becommeth a Christian. And I beleeve and confesse generally, all and everie part, particle, portion, or article of the Christian faith, to the beleefe whereof everie Christian

stian stands bound: especially all those particular points whether plainly expressed, or necessarily implyed in the twelve articles of Christian faith, for as much as they were delivered unto us, from the holy Spirit, by the twelve Apostles, and recommended to us for Evangelicall truth. And I farther beleeve and adhere to their interpretations, or expositions, yet not to all or everie one, but to those onely, which were published by the holy Fathers, received, admitted, approved and confirmed by the most sacred Councells, and tried by the truest touch-stone of infallible Scripture. And to be briefe, I beleeve whatsoever a Chri-

a Christian ought truly to beleeve. In which faith so immoveable and firme, I rejoyce with all mine heart to dye, holding and offering this writing in mine hand, as a most impregnable and invincible shield against all the insults, assaults, deceits, and subtilties of the Devill. And if it so come to passe (which God forbid) that by instigation of the Devill, or violence of sickneſſe, I should thinke, speake, or doe any thing contrarie to mine Attestation aforesaid, or should fall into any apostacie, diffidence, or desperation: I wholly revoke and reverse that, whatsoever or howsoever it shall be, here in the presence of you all, and make

make it as voyd and of no effect, as if I were distraught of my wits when I did it. Wherefore I appeale unto you all that are here present, and to thee, O holy Angell, to whose guard I am committed, that yee beare witnesse of this my *Protestation* before the Omnipotent Judge. Now, for as much as concerneth my selfe, I doe pardon and forgive all injuries of what nature, qualitie, or condition soever, as have beene done mee, desiring heartily that the like may bee done to mee by those, whom I have at any time offended, either in word or deed. I doe likewise crave and desire with all mine heart, that I may bee made partaker

partaker of all good works, which either are already done, or shall be hereafter done by holy men through the whole Church: whensoever, or whereinsoever their office or ministerie may be usefull to mee: but principally of the most bitter Passion, and most innocent death of our Lord Jesus Christ. And may this my naturall, voluntarie, and desired approch of death, stand through his merits and mercies, for all my sinnes. And I wish to God that I had never at any time sinned, either against God, or his Lawes, or my Superiours, or my Neighbours, or my selfe.

Christs mercies, my merits.

Lastly, I give thanks to mine

mine Omnipotent God, for all his benefits bestowed upon me, and I commend my body and soule into his hands, and to the bitternesse of the Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ, to whom be praise, and honour, and dignitie for evermore, *Amen.*

(***)

AN

AN ELEGIE OF S^t. *Dionysius*, a *Carthusian*, of the judgement of death, and the sundrie casualties thereof.

TO Earth returnes, whats'ere from Earth had birth;
Flower fades, shade vades, what's bred is brought to Earth.
Nought judge I long that doubtfull bound can stay,
To morrow day may be my onely day.
Short is that day *to day*: which well may be
My day, my doome, a fearefull day to me.
A fearefull horrid day, when all my store
Is clos'd in clay, and I can earne no more.
Who thinks his dayes long ('las) he thinks amisse,
Nor long nor safe is one whole day of his.
In vaine speake I of dayes, dayes not expreſt,
When not one day nor houre can promise rest.

Thy

Thy long liv' I hopes (if ſo thou like) extend,
Yet nought of nought, ſhall come to nought i'th'end.
Thouſands, ten thouſands, thouſand thouſands were
On Earth, now Earth, whoſe names lye buried here:
This onely reſts, that each receive his hire,
Good works deſerve good gifts, ungodly fire.
Behold the fearefull judge, thy finall doome!
Prepare thy ſelfe, this dreadfull day will come.
Feare then and quake, compoſe, direct thy mind,
Live to dye now, and ſuffer what's aſſign'd.

An Epistle of *Ludovicus Blosius*, written to an especiall friend, upon the perfecting and publishing of his worke entituled, *The Parlour of the Soule.*

BEhold thou hast, my dearely beloved in Christ, a *The Parlour of the Soule*, which thou hast so long time desired. Having now lately written *The spirituall Glasse*, both for thy

a Conclave animæ.

thy ſelfe and mee, I had purpoſed to have added nothing thereto: howbeit afterwards, I could by no meanes ſatisfie thy deſire, unleſſe I annexed unto it, *The ſpirituall Iewell*, *Crowne*, and *Casket*, all which this our *Parlour* containeth. Which truly came later to the Preſſe than thou wiſhed: but take it in good part, being done by the purpoſe and ordinance of God. Now if thou ſetting aſide ſometimes thy more weightie cares and employments, become deligh-

ted with the reading of such simple bookes as are published by mee (as thou seemest to be delighted) I doe advise thee that first thou enter into this *Parlour*, and diligently consider and discusse those things which are therein: And afterwards that thou take into thy hand that *Psychagogia*, which I have collected some yeares agoe, out of *Augustine* and *Gregorie*. For the doctrine of the Fathers set downe in these two Books, shall mightily comfort and confirme

firme thee being of ſo good diſpoſition, and inflame thee to the love of God & thy heavenly Countrey. Let it not be tedious to thee oftimes to read over theſe and ſuch like devout works, yea, though thy reading afford ſmall or no ſweet reliſh to the palate of thine heart. For too delicate is he, who caſteth aſide all ſuch holy and wholeſome directions as he had once read, or heard, and will not read nor heare them any more. I give thanks unto my Lord Jeſus, for

that thy Brother, after ſuch time as he had read over that Tract of mine entitled, *Comfort for the weak hearted*, and now by mee publiſhed, hee becomes now leſſe afflicted with inordinate feare, than before. Let him aſcribe that reliefe, as received ſolely from God and his holy Doctors, who ſpeake unto him in that Tract of comfort. He does well ſurely, to grieve and ſorrow for that hee hath offended God without meaſure or number all the by-paſt time of his life:

life: nevertheleſſe hee is to have his affiance and confidence in the boundleſſe ſweetneſſe of Gods mercie. Let him thinke how moſt of thoſe who had ſlaine Chriſt, afterwards received pardon by beleeving in Chriſt: to the end truly, that all men ſhould learne, that no crimes or offences are ſo grievous, which God moſt gracious and full of the fatneſſe of mercie, will not forgive to ſuch as are faithfull Converts and true Penitents before him. For it

is an especiall propertie best becomming our most holy God, to have mercie and spare these, who humble themselves before him, and heartily beg pardon of him. Rightly doth thy Brother confesse that at all times he is verie imperfect: yet let let him remember, that the imperfect cost Christ as deare as the most perfect. That inconstancie or instability of mind, wherewith hee saith, that hee is afflicted in his prayer, is common to innumerable servants of God.

There

There is no cauſe then that hee ſhould be hereby ſo much amated. For if hee ſuffer this diſtraction againſt his will, and ſtrive with his beſt endevour to become attentive, his prayer humbly poured forth in this diſtraction, is ofttimes more uſefull and fruitfull, than if it were performed with great attention of heart. For God approveth his deſire, affection, and devout endevour, and purgeth the ſoule with ſuch like grieſes as theſe, or elſe conſerveth and a-

dorneth it being purged and purified from these distractions. Exhort him alwayes, that hee be of good courage. If with a patient and resigned heart, hee suffer for the love of God his afflictions, and want of health, whereof almost hee daily laboureth, hee need not doubt, but so soone as he shall lay off this grievous, onerous, and bitter load of corruptible flesh, hee shall enjoy eternall joy and health. Goe to then, my Beloved, let us observe our selves, I pray thee,

thee, vigilantly, and so endevour to live circumspectly, as becommeth true Christians, who beare both the style and state of Christianitie. Let us passe over all the residue of our present life profitably. In all things that wee doe, let us with singleneſſe of heart principally respect the praise and glorie of God. Let us love *Iesus*, who loveth us with a most ardent and unmeasurable love. For his honour let us mortifie in us as much as wee may, our owne proper and

and depraved wills and vices. Let us subject and conforme us in all things to Gods will. Let us beare a mind humble and resigned: continually desiring and studying to please God. For by this meanes wee shall at last come to that chiefe and most joyfull good: which that wee might possesse, wee were created to the image of God, and redeemed with the pretious bloud of Christ. Wee shall come, I say, unto God, who is the amiable abysse & fountaine

taine of all light, life, beautie, excellencie, ſweetneſſe and abundance. Then ſhall wee be truly bleſſed, ſeeing the viſion of all beautie infinitely exceeding and excelling all the ſenſe-attracting objects of this whole world: for wee ſhall behold in the light of glorie the mellifluous countenance of God, and in him, by a moſt ſweet fruition of him, ſhall wee reſt, and obtaine imperturbable peace. Then ſhall wee abound with unſpeakable joy, & ſhall be fully ſatisfied,

satisfied, and shall perfectly love, and praise God for evermore. O how great felicitie is it to attaine to the cleare vision of God; and againe, how great infelicitie, to be deprived of it, and to be drenched in hell, and there horribly to be tormented without end! *Farewell in the Lord, and pray for mee.*

That excellent part of the Dialogue composed by *D. Henricus Suso*, wherein the praises and profits of afflictions are expressed, and many other precepts usefully delivered, some few dayes since

ſince I inſerted in my *Comfort for the weake hearted*, that I might gratifie thy brother. He ſhall eaſily procure it, ſo ſoone as it ſhall be reprinted. As touching the ſayings of the aforeſaid *Suſo*, which thou deſireſt ſhould be ſent unto thee, here receive them, as I have compiled them for thee, and addreſſed them to thee.

CER-

CERTAINE choyce or select sayings of *D. Henricus Suso.*

Of the love of the world,
And
Of the love of God.

THat most holy and beloved man of God, *Henricus Suso*, lamenting the infelicitie of such, as intangled in vaine love, and wholly given over to this present

present world, doe neglect God and their owne salvation, exhibiteth his complaint before God after this manner. Truly, O Lord, it is a thing much to bee lamented, that so many hearts fit for holy love, so many excellent and beautifull soules stamped with Gods image, which by a spirituall wedlock with thee contracted, might become Queenes and Empresses, and have dominion over heaven and earth, should so foolishly and imprudently estrange themselves from thee, deject themselves so basely, and perish so wittingly. Surely I am perswaded, that if the inward eyes of all men should so see thee, as I see thee, all transi-

transitorie love would be forthwith extinguished in them. I cannot sufficiently admire, O Lord, (albeit I stood sometimes far otherwise affected) that any ones soule should possibly rest in any thing but in thee, the most vast and unbounded depth. O incomprehensible good, and inwardly to be embraced! O most sweet Lord, how well is it with that soule which onely loveth thee, and which thou with the divine streames and beames of thy grace, excellently enlightenest, and to to thy selfe more nearely joynest and coupleſt! What heavenly and mellifluous consolation doth such a soule draw from thee, what secret

secret delights of sacred love doth shee conceive in thee? Thou art the boundlesse Sea of most pure and inestimable pleasures. What amiableness, comelinesse, beauty soever can by any meanes be conceived, all that above all measure, is to be found in thee plenteously stored. Nothing that is pleasant, gratefull, or plausible, can bee found in any creature, which is not in a most pure and exquisite manner infinitely more aboundant and excellent in thee. So often as I behold the formes of beautifull objects, when I take a view by inward contemplation of heaven, earth, woods, and fields, and of the whole world, all these things seeme

to convent, and summon my heart in these words: "Con- "sider how amiable and "beautifull he is, who hath "made us, who is the foun- "taine of all beautie. O Lord Jesus what joy doe I receive from thee? Surely, while I doe thinke, how I am beloved of thee, the most high God; whatsoever is within mee, melteth through the joy which I conceive of thee. For this therefore doe I rejoyce in my mind, for as much as thou art so good, as thou vouchsafest to be my friend, as I constantly hope, and confidently trust.

Of

Of the Passion of our Lord.

THe same *Suso* in a Dialogue bringeth in the eternall wisdome, that is Christ Jesus, talking with his Minister of his *Passion*, after this manner: The heart of man is much more gratefull unto me, if it be freed of earthly love, and by perpetuall diligence intentive to imitate the excellent example of my life, than if hee should follow mee with continuall laments, and should shed so many teares as there be drops of raine which fall from the aire. For in the suffering

ſuffering of my moſt bitter death, this eſpecially haue I intended & aimed, that men ſhould imitate mee: albeit pious and devout teares bee likewiſe verie acceptable unto me. If thou canſt not remember my moſt bitter *Paſſion* with watrie eyes, doe it notwithſtanding, with a cheerefull mind, for theſe unmeaſurable good things which thou deriveſt from it. But if neither joyfully nor dolefully thou canſt meditate of it, yet with a drie heart to my praiſe trace curſorily over it. For ſo ſhalt thou performe an office of obſervance, no leſſe gratefull to me, than if with teares of compaſſion and ſweetneſſe of affection, thou ſhouldſt wholly

wholly melt into a floud of devotion. For by this means shouldst thou effect a work through love, without respect unto thy selfe. But to the end that this my *Passion* may pierce nearer thine heart, and thou become more affected to it, heare what I shall speake unto thee.

The soule which hath bound her selfe in many sins, may with the treasure of my Passion so much enrich her, and apply it to her, that though she deserved a thousand yeares to be punished, and with a thousand kinds of exquisite tortures to be afflicted, in a short time both the sin and punishment due for the same may sue release, and in her passage hence com-

comfortably depart in peace, and bee transſlated to heaven as her true reſting place. But this muſt be done by this meanes; by weighing and diſcuſſing with a contrite heart frequently and fervently the greatneſſe and multitude of thoſe odious ſins, wherewith ſo irreverently ſhee hath offended the eyes of her heavenly Father; afterwards for works of Satisfaction, as hee is not to omit them, ſo is hee to diſvalue them, as ſuch, that if compared with his ſins, they are no more than one drop of water in compariſon of the maine ſea; but hee is to advance and extoll wonderfully the greatneſſe of my Satisfaction, ſeeing the verie leaſt

least drop of my pretious bloud, which everie where streamed from my whole body, had beene sufficient for taking away the sins of a thousand worlds: of which Satisfaction of mine, nevertheless so much everie one applyeth to himselfe, as hee conformeth himselfe to mee in suffering with mee, and as hee humbly and seriously crowneth the smalnesse of his satisfaction, in the infiniteneſſe of my Expiation.

Of the holy Eucharist.

IN that selfe-same Dialogue of *Suso*, the wis-

dome incarnate discoursing of the *holy Eucharist*, saith to his Minister; The least gift that proceedeth from mee in the venerable Sacrament, shineth and beameth much more gloriously unto all eternitie, than any splendour of this visible Sun, and is much more brighter and clearer than the verie bright *Day-star* it selfe. Briefly, it adorneth thee much more excellently, by a certaine eternall comelinesse & beautie, than at any time any Summer, be it never so pleasant, beautifieth the earth. But dost thou not (perhaps) doubt whether this most illustrious Divinitie of mine be more bright than any Sun, and my most excellent soule more

more ſparkling than any Star, and my glorious body more delightfull than the pleaſantneſſe of any Summer? All which in verie truth thou conceiveſt in the *Euchariſt*. Where I am the *Bread of life* to the devout and well-prepared: but to the unworthy, who continue by affection or action in mortall ſins, I am a temporarie Plague here, and an eternal curſe hereafter: for on theſe waiteth certaine damnation, unleſſe they be reconciled to mee by true repentance. Surely, if any one were endued with the naturall puritie of all the Angels, & renowmed with the the integritie and ſanctitie of all the Saints, and ador-

ned with the good works of all mortall men; yet, though thus accompliſhed, were not hee worthy to receive mee in the Sacrament. But when man doth all that hee can, nothing more is required at his hands, ſeeing whatſoever is wanting through him, I ſupply in him. But far better it is to come to this venerable Sacrament in love, than to abſtaine from it through feare.

Of reſigning, denying, and mortifying himſelfe.

SVſo likewiſe wrote theſe ſingular ſentences touching

ching *resigning* and *denying* ones selfe. A perfect life consists not especially in this, that thou abound in comfort, but that thou submit and resigne thy will to the divine will. That thou humbly obey his will in the bitter sop of affliction, and the sweet syrupe of consolation; and that thou place and debase thy selfe under the feet of all men. For nothing is more pleasing to the supreme Angelicall spirit himselfe, than in all things to satisfie the divine will: In so much, as if hee knew that it would redound to the praise of God, to pull up nettles, or other weeds by the root, he would most desiredly performe this taske

before all others. There is no Resignation more perfect or excellent, than to be resigned wholly in the forsaking of himselfe: neither ought any one to bee too much grieved in mind, if he have small experience of spirituall sweetnesse: Let him rather think how hee is unworthy of it. A true *Resignation* of himselfe to the will of God, both in affaires certaine and uncertaine, without all doubt freeth and secureth man from all perils and occurrents, causing him to rejoyce with true peace in all things. So great is the pietie and benignitie of God, that hee can by no meanes at any time forsake him, who with a confident heart

heart relyeth on his goodneſſe, and recommendeth and reſigneth himſelfe wholly to his Divine Providence. True ſubmiſſion, depreſſion, and abnegation of ones ſelfe, is the root of all vertues, of all health and happineſſe. It grieveth one ſurely to bee wiſe and eloquent, and notwithſtanding to be enjoyned ſilence: to be by others diſeſteemed, derided, iujuried, to heare himſelfe calumniated and traduced, and not to defend & revenge his cauſe: or for a wiſe and honourable man to give place to a naughtie wretch, and one of no reckoning, aud not to withſtand it: and yet all this is nothing elſe ſurely than by deniall of himſelfe,

to become conformable to the excellent patterne of Christ. Now albeit, in suffering affliction wee be not alwayes of a mind equally resigned, yet are wee not to conclude therefore, that hope of salvation is taken away, or the grace of God lost: so that wee doe not kick and rebell against God with a stubborne mind. Works, exercises, and instructions, whether performed with our owne proper will, or affection derived from it, although they may seeme joyes, yet are they of small consequence, so long as denying and resigning of our selves bee not joyned with them. It becommeth a man that is partaker of reason,

ſon, to doe theſe works not out of a naturall propenſion, or appetite, like bruit beaſts following the inſtinct of nature, but with reaſon, to the praiſe of God, and for the love of God, ſo as hee in no place ſeek his owne private gaine, delight, praiſe, reward, but onely God. So to deny, mortifie, and relinquiſh our ſelves ought wee, that wee may in no caſe refuſe to bee diſvalued, or ſuffer adverſitie for God, that wee may diligently refraine both our tongue, and ſenſes, ſuffering no inordinate delight to poſſeſſe us, or the deſire thereof to ſurprize us. As a Plate or Lamell of gold ſet unto our eyes, doth no leſſe hinder our ſight, than a

plate of iron: ſo it behoveth us to renounce, and remove from our minds all inſtable mortall creatures, be they never ſo noble, if wee will enjoy that moſt excellent Good, which is God. In true deniall, the whole Summe of Perfection conſiſteth: without which none ſhall profit, what way ſoever hee turne him. Almightie God grant us grace, that with inceſſant endevour wee may perpetually ſtrive to deny, mortifie, relinquiſh, reſigne, goe forth of our ſelves, and diſ-eſteeme our ſelves. *Amen.*

TO

TO

HIS MOST

Deare and affectionate Sisters, their faithfull Brother dedicates

THIS

Passionate Pilgrim;

AS

A living Memoriall

of his unfained love never dying.

MY teares, my joyes; my widdow-weed, my Bride;
My prize, heav'ns praise; my love, Christ crucifide.

THE

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM;

Breathing
A Contemplative
Mans Exercise:

Offering
A Penitent Soules
Sacrifice.

THE Contemplative Mans Exercise: Or Penitent Soules Sacrifice.

The wise mans heart is ever fixt on God,
And with a filiall kisse receives his rod.

GOe to now, miserable man, flye a little thine occupations, retire thy selfe for a space from thy tumultuous cogitations. Lay aside now thine onerous cares, and set apart thy laborious distentions. Reserve thy selfe a while for God, and

and reſt thy ſelfe a little in him. Enter into the chamber of thy mind, ſhut out all things beſides God, and thoſe things which helpe thee to ſeeke him, and having ſhut thy gate, ſeeke him. Say now, O my heart, ſay now; O my Lord, I ſeeke thy countenance, thy countenance, O Lord, doe I ſeeke. Goe to therefore now my Lord God, teach mine heart, where and how it may ſeeke thee, where and how it may find thee. O Lord, if thou beeſt not here, where may I ſeeke thee being abſent? But being everie where, why doe I not ſee thee preſent? But ſurely thou inhabiteſt a light inacceſſible. But where is that light

light inacceſſible? Or how ſhall I come to that light inacceſſible? Or who will guide mee, and bring mee to it, that I may ſee thee in it? Then, with what ſignes, with what face ſhall I ſeeke thee? I have not ſeene thee, O Lord my God, I have not knowne thy face. What ſhall hee doe, O moſt high Lord, what ſhall this thy forraine baniſht one doe? What ſhall thy ſervant doe, doubtfull of thy love, and far caſten off from thy face? Hee longeth to ſee thee, and thy face is far from him. Hee deſireth to come unto thee, and thine habitation is inacceſſible. Hee deſireth to find thee, and knoweth not thy place. Hee affecteth

affecteth to seeke thee, and knoweth not thy countenance. O Lord, thou art my God, and thou art my Lord, and I never saw thee. Thou hast made mee, and re-made mee: and all those good things which I have, hast thou bestowed on mee, and I have not yet knowne thee. Finally, to see thee was I made, yet have not I done that for which I was made. O miserable condition of man, to lose that for which hee was made! O hard and harsh chance is this! Out alas, what ha's hee lost, and what ha's hee found? What is gone, and what abideth? Hee hath lost happinesse, for which hee was made, and hee hath found unhappinesse,

neſſe, for which hee was not made. That is gone, without which nothing is happie, and that abideth which of it ſelfe is nothing but unhappie. Man did eat the bread of Angels, which now hee taſtes not: now hee eats the bread of ſorrowes, which then hee knew not. O the publique lamentation of men, the univerſall mourning of the children of *Adam!* Hee flowed in all plenteous manner, wee ſigh for hunger. Hee abounded, wee faſt. Hee happily poſſeſt, and miſerably loſt: wee unhappily need, and miſerably beg: and alas, wee remaine emptie. Why did hee not keepe for us when he eaſily might, what we

we so grievously want? Why h'as hee thus shut the light from us, and brought darkneſſe upon us? Wretched men, whence are wee expulſed, and whereto are we forced? Yea, whither are wee headlong throwne, where overwhelmed? From our Countrey to exile: from the ſight of God to our blindneſſe: From the joy of immortalitie, into the bitterneſſe and horrour of death. Miſerable exchange! from how great good, to how great evill? Great loſſe, great griefe, nothing but griefes. But out alas for me unhappy wretch, one amongſt the reſt of the miſerable children of *Eve*, divided from God, what have I done, what have I begun?

gun ? Whither did I goe, whereto am I come? to what did I aſpire, in what doe I now ſigh?I ſought for good, and behold trouble. I went towards God, and behold I became an offender againſt my ſelfe. I ſought for reſt in my ſecret paths, and I found tribulation and ſorrow in my inward parts. I would have laughed through the joy of my minde, and I was enforced to rore through the griefe of mine heart. Joy was expected, and behold how ſighes were increaſed ! How long, Lord, wilt thou forget us? How long wilt thou turn thy face from us? When wilt thou look upon us, and heare us? When wilt thou enlighten our eyes, and ſhew thy

thy face to us? When wilt thou restore thy selfe to us? O Lord look upon us, heare us, enlighten us. Shew thy selfe to us, that it may be wel with us, without whom it is so ill with us. Have mercie on our labours and endevors directed to thee, who are able to doe nothing without thee. Enlighten us, helpe us. I beseech thee, O Lord, let mee not despaire through fainting, but respire by hoping. I beseech thee, O Lord, mine heart is made bitter with her desolation, Sweeten it with thy consolation. I beseech thee, O Lord, I hungry have begun to seeke thee, let me not depart fasting from thee; I hunger-starv'd have come unto thee,

thee, let me not depart unfed from thee. I poore come to thee rich, I miſerable to thee mercifull, let me not depart empty and contemned: and if before I eat I ſigh, grant that after my ſighs I may eat. O Lord, I am become crooked, and cannot but looke downward, raiſe mee that I may looke upward: mine iniquities are gone over mine head, they overwhelme me, and as an heavie burden preſſe me. Free and disburden mee, leſt the ditch ſtop her mouth upon me. Let me look upon thy light, though a farre off, though from the deepe. Teach mee to ſeeke thee, and ſhew thee to mee ſeeking thee: becauſe neither can I ſeeke thee, unleſſe thou

thou teach mee : nor finde thee, unleſſe thou ſhow thee. Let mee ſeeke thee by deſiring, deſire thee by ſeeking, finde thee by loving, love thee by finding. I confeſſe, O Lord, and I give thankes: becauſe thou haſt created in mee this thine Image, that being mindfull of thee, I might think of thee, and love thee. But ſo aboliſhed is this image with the blemiſhes of vice, and ſo darkned with the ſmoake of ſinne, as it cannot doe that for which it was made, unleſſe thou renue, and reforme it. I preſume not, O Lord, to pierce thine height, for I can by no meanes nor meaſure compare mine underſtanding to it, yet I deſire in ſome ſort to underſtand thy

thy truth, which mine heart beleeveth and loveth. Neither doe I beleeve to understand that I may beleeve, but I beleeve that I may understand. For this, likewise, I beleeve, that unlesse I beleeve, I shall not understand. Therefore, O Lord, thou who givest understanding to faith, give unto mee that I may understand so much, as thou knowest to be expedient for mee; for thou art as wee beleeve, and this thou art which wee beleeve, true God, who livest and reignest world without end.

DEATHS

DEAHTS Memoriall.

The Child of God thinkes willingly of death,
To rest with Him, who after death gives breath.

NOw to shut up all, with that which closeth all, by imposing a Period upon all; We are to consider, now when the sinfull soule beginneth to be loosened from these bonds of flesh, with what bitter terror shee is afflicted, with what stings of

Pet. Damian. *de Horâ mortis.*

of a biting conſcience ſhee is diſtracted. Shee remembers the things forbidden her, which ſhee hath committed; Shee conſiders the things commanded her, which ſhee hath negligently contemned; ſhe bemoanes thoſe opportunate times of repentance offer'd her, and which ſhee ſo fruitleſly apprehended; ſhee bewailes that immoveable article of ſtrict revenge, inevitably approching her. She h'as had ſufficient time of ſojourning here; ſhee is now compelled to goe hence. Shee would regaine that which ſhee h'as loſt, but ſhe is not heard. Behind her, ſhee beholds the whole courſe of her forepaſt life, all which ſhee ac-

counts as one short pace. She casts her eyes upon her selfe, and collects the space of an infinite perpetuity. She laments therefore, in that she h'as lost, what in so short a space she might have got, the joy of all ages. She bemoanes her selfe, in that for so short a pleasure of fleshly delight, she h'as lost the unspeakable sweetnesse of perpetuall solace. Shee blusheth, in that for this substance which is subject to wormes, shee h'as neglected that which was to have beene ranked amongst Quires of Angels. Now she lifteth up the beames of her minde, and no sooner beholdeth the glory of immortall riches, than shee becomes confounded, for that she h'as

lost

loſt them for the poverty of this life. Againe, when ſhee caſteth her eyes under her in a deſpicable reflex upon the valley of this world, and eying it to be nothing but darkneſſe, but above her wonders at the beautie of that eternall light, ſhe clearly ſees, that it was night, and darkneſſe which ſhee loved. O that ſhee might but purchaſe ſome ſmall remainder of time for repentance, what a ſharp courſe of converſation would ſhe take upon her? what and how great things would ſhee promiſe? with what vows of devotiõ would ſhee enwreath her? In the meane time, while her divine eyes grow darke, while her heart beats, while her hoarſe

throat gaspes, her teeth grow by little and little black, and draw, as it were, unto them a certaine rust, her countenance becomes pale, and all her members stiffe. While these, then, and such like as forerunning offices of approching death attend her, all her works and words present themselves before her; nay, not her very thoughts are absent, and all these bring in bitter testimony against their author. All these are heaped together before the eyes of her viewing them, so as, even those things which she shunneth to behold, she is inforced, though against her will, to take notice of. Besides all this, there is here an horrid troupe of Devils, and there

there a glorious traine of Angels. By that which appears betwixt them, may be clearly perceived, which of them h'as moſt property in her. For if tokens of piety bee diſcovered in her, ſhee is cheared with the delights of an angelick invitation, and allured with the ſweetneſſe of an harmonious melodie, to go forth. But if the blackneſſe of her merits, and the impurity of her foule and filthy life adjudge her to the left hand, preſently with an intolerable terrour ſhee becomes ſurprized, with the violence of a ſudden force ſhe is diſturbed, dejected, invaded, and from the priſon of miſerable fleſh violently haled, that to eternall tor-

ments with bitternesse shee may be tugged. Now, after her departure from the body, who can utter what armed troopes or Squadrons of wicked Spirits lye in ambush for her; what treacherous traines furnished with cruell tortures besiege the way that receives her? And lest the soule should escape thē, legions of furies, as it were, in military rankes or battalions include her. This and such like frequently to meditate of in thine heart, what else is it than to shunne delightfull blandishments, to be divorc'd from the world, and to shake off unlawfull motions of the flesh, and constantly to retaine the sole purpose of attaining per-

perfection; Which that wee may doe, God for his mercy grant us. *Amen.*

Sedeo, Sileo, Signo.

Deaths distinction.

My soule, good is the death of the just, in respect of tranquillity, better in respect of novelty, best in respect of security. Contrariwise, the death of sinners is the worst, and rightly the worst, evill in losing the world, worse in parting from the flesh, but Bern.

worſt in that twofold anguiſh of a worme never dying, and a fire ever burning, and which is worſt of all, in being deprived of divine contemplation.

HOLY

HOLY MEMORIALS;

Or

Heavenly Memento's.

Memor fui Domini, & Delectatus sum.

A bono die bonum opus suscipiamus; & ab illo die, in quo velut, Christus ascenderit, piis desideriis ascendamus.

Of his Conception.

MEMORIALL I.

I Was not, and thou didst make mee; I had no being, and thou gave it mee. I was *conceived* in sinne, before I *conceived*

ceived what was Sin. Nature laid on mee a ſtaine, before ſhe brought mee to a viſible ſtate. My bloud was corrupted, before ever I entred. Tainted it was, when *Eve* was tempted and weakely conſented. Thus did my *parents* make mee forlorne, before ever I was borne. Even then, whē the *ſecond skin* was my *coat*, was *Sin* my *Cognizance*. Seeds of ſin ſprung in mee, before the *Light* tooke notice of mee: And theſe had their *rooting* from thoſe that bred mee. Long before I had abilitie to ſin, were all my members made inſtruments of ſinne. Before I had the uſe of any ſenſe, ſin had made a ſlave of every ſenſe. For mine eyes, while they

were

were as yet ſealed, *ſights* of ſin had enter'd thē. For mine *eares*, though they were as then cloſed, *ayres* of ſin had pierced them. For my *taſte*, before I enjoy'd it, an *Apple* had poyſon'd it. For my *Touch*, before I employ'd it, had *Eves* pulſe ſoiled it. For my *Smell*, before I knew how to uſe it, had the *ſteames* of *earth* choaked it. I was ſhut up as one in darkneſſe: and darke I was within as well as without, by means of mine originall uncleaneneſſe. I converſed with none, none with mee: my *mothers wombe* was that *living tombe* which incloſed mee. Thus before ever I ſaw the Sun, became I a *growing lump* of ſin. Unable was I to commit it, yet apt enough

enough to be *conceived* in it. Nothing I had about me, but what did ſtaine me. The *Materials* whereof I was made, I am aſham'd to name. Ah! poore ſhell of corruption! impure ſhrine, or new-form'd piece of pollution! I as then knew not by whom I was made, how I was made, when or where I was made, or for what end I was made. Miſerable ignorance! I knew her not in whoſe wombe I was *conceived*, nor that ſin wherin I was *conceived*. I was as a *ſtranger* to *my fathers houſe*, yet was I daily in it. An *Alien* was I to my *Brethren*, yet lived I amongſt them. And as a thing not knowne, *Sojourn'd* I amongſt my *Kinſmen*. Capable abilities had I both inward

ward and outward, yet enjoyed I the benefit of neither. Without all ſenſible compaſſion, a daily paine was I to my ſickly mother. I lived as one dead, for many months together; and was fed, without ſeeking food, by courſe of Nature. I was as one cloſed up, and might have no *paſſage* till the time appointed. I increaſed daily, yet knew I not the meanes of my growth. He only who made and faſhioned me, knew mee; long before I came out of the wombe, did hee know what would become of mee. Paths had he *prepared* for me, before I had knowledge how to walke in them. Hee had *determined* mine *end*, before I received *birth*. Long time did

I wraſtle with my enforced reſtraint, labouring ſtill to be freed; yet became I more miſerable by my *freedom* than *reſtraint*. I wiſhed, and yet I knew not what; I was the very *leaſt* of a *childe*; what *leſſe* then, could be my *knowledge?* I was weary of my *bed*, yet going out of it I was fit for nothing. By this I foretold how far I would be from being content with my eſtate on earth; when my weake infancie could not bee content with her condition before *my birth*. In a better caſe was I when ſo incaſed, than when to the miſeries of earth inthralled. A right worldling was I, before I came into it, for I grew no ſooner a little ſtrong, than I grew to be

be weary of my former eſtate. Any one that had ſeene mee, would have thought there had been no ſin in mee. But I became ſo *naturalized* a ſinner as it was a taske no leſſe hard for mee to put off *ſinne* than *nature*. But as one kept in too long, like a new-fledg'd bird, I begun to flicker a little with my tender unſet wings, and to leave my firſt neſt. But ſharply was ſhe that bred me pained with mee before ſhee could bee diſcharged of mee. So unnaturall was I to mine owne before I entered the world. Gather hence what may bee expected from mee, after my entrie into the world.

Of

Of his Birth.

Memoriall II.

I Thought I had got out o'th' *Iayle*: but I found one worſer than that which I left. For having changed a *Leſſer world* for a *Greater*, I found my miſeries ſo much more numerous, as the *place* I came to was larger than the former. In the very beginning I ſhewed my ſelfe to my friends unthankfull; yet muſt they hold mee excuſed; for thoſe *ſalutes* were *naturall*. They entertained mee with *ſmiles*, and I gratified them with *teares*.

Lachrymæ were the onely muſicall

muſicall aires that uſher'd mee to this vale of woes. My very *firſt voyce* implyed a *prophecie:* my *teares* forerunners of my following *miſerie.* I came into the world *naked*; whereas all other creatures come *cloathed* and *armed.* With what joy was I received, while thoſe that ſaw mee, cried, "*How like is hee to his Father?* And they ſaid well, if they pointed at *Adam*, for his bloud made me his ſonne, and like himſelfe a ſinner.

What a fooliſh part it was (had I well conſidered it) to ſee wiſe men rejoycing at the ſight of one who was entring the *Tyring-houſe* of mourning! The *Thracians*, though Pagans, ſhewed them-

themſelves in this more Chriſtians. Theſe lamented their Babes *birth*, but rejoyced at their *death*. What great delight could any take in mee, when I came ſo bare into the world, as I brought not with mee one poore ragge to ſhroud my ſhame: and all the *regreets* I returned them, *teares* and *ſhrikes*? Theſe deſerved no great entertainment of joy. To ſee ſuch a feeble thing, as could afford it ſelfe no ſuccour. An *Infant Pilgrim*, who could not find a tongue to beg him harbour! One, who wanted all things, yet could not tell it's owne wants. This might rather move *compaſſion* than *joy*. And ſuch a poore one was I.

Nothing

Nothing did I see that could pleaſe mee. Still were my late-unſealed eyes flowing; my feeble voyce ſhriking; nought but notes of miſerie everie where reſounding. And deſerved theſe ſuch pleaſing entertainment? By my *birth*, I got nothing to *my ſelfe*, but *teares*; to my *friends*, nothing but *cares* and *feares*. To feed mee was their care; leſt I ſhould be better fed than taught was their feare. Sleepe, Food, and Shrikes, all which begot my *parents* trouble, were the beſt things I rendred them; and the whole expence of thoſe houres, which I beſtowed on them. Silly infancie! when that pleaſeth the Parent beſt, and batteneth the

Infant

Infant moſt, which profiteth the world leaſt, *Sleepe.* Small cauſe had my *Parents* to have joyed in my *birth*, had they conſidered how my entrie led mee into a maze of miſerie, a vale of vanitie, How that ſmall portion of fleſh, which I brought along with mee, would in time prove my profeſt enemie. My firſt teares told the world that I had ſomething in mee, which annoyed mee. My originall guilt ſtruck teares into mine eyes, feares into my heart. Naked came I, as one ſtript of his coat. And this nakedneſſe came by the loſſe of my garment of innocence. My Grandfire never found himſelfe naked, till hee had tranſgreſſed. Then,

Then, and never till then, flew hee to the buſhes. But what avail'd it him to flye from his ſight, whoſe eyes were in everie place? Small doubt but I would have taken the ſame courſe, could I either have conſidered my guilt, or found feet to haſten mine eſcape. But I found an *ignorance* in the one; and a *weakneſſe* in the other. Thus was I *borne* in ſinne, before I could beare up my ſelfe. Yet for all this did my Parents account of mee as a rich prize. Dandled muſt I bee till I ſleepe; wrapt in warme cloaths; carefully nurſed; tenderly uſed: and if my too deare Parents got but one poore ſmile from their Babe, they held their

care

care and coſt highly recompenced. Thus begun I my life in teares, and continued it with feares, hopes, and griefes. Which made mee many times with heartie ſighs in the privie chamber of mine heart, to conclude: Better was the day of ones death, than the day of his birth. And that the beſt thing that could bee unto man, was not to be borne at all: and the next, to dye ſoone. † For what brought I into the world with mee, but pulleyes which haled mee along to miſerie? And what beſtowed the world on mee, when ſhee had received mee, but *clouts* and *bands*. The one to proclaime my *povertie*, the other my *captivitie*.

vitie. So as, all the entertainement I had from this goodly Store-houſe of worldly happineſſe, was *want*, and *reſtraint*.

Thus ſcarce able to creep, (yet diſtinguiſhed by *reaſon* from all other creeping things) I at laſt got crawled from the ſtate of *infancie* to *childhood*. Where, as I increaſed in yeares (though inſenſible, and therein more miſerable) I increaſed ſtill in the meaſure of my wants and woes.

Of

Of his Childhood.

Memoriall III.

NOw was I weaned from my Nurſes milk, but not from my Grandhams ſin. I begun with *Chriſts Croſſe*, but ſoone was I tired with *learning* it; which ſhewed how quickly I would be after wards wearied with *bearing* it. I held the condition of any creature more happie than that of a Scholler. So as it was my deſire (ſo ſoone did the heat of goodneſſe, the hopes of towardlineſſe expire) to *learne* in *jeſt*, but *play* in *earneſt*. I found in my ſelfe a conceit

apt

apt enough for any ſports; in theſe I could leſſon others: But in the *Schoole* of *Vertue*, I was ever ſloweſt in reading, or taking out any ſuch leſſon to my ſelfe. How long ſeemed that day, when *learning* was enjoyned me for a taske? How ſpeedie that houre, wherin *libertie* was given me to play? Thus like a *Beare* to the *ſtake*, was I haled to my *booke*, wherein I found afterwards the happieſt ſtate. Wandring, albeit not much harmfull fancies, begun now to ſeaze on mee. I was ſeldome contented, by being ſeated in that place where I was: nor with that ſport I laſt affected. When I was in my fathers houſe, my deſire was to bee in the field;

when I was in the field, I longed to bee at home. My *childish* ambition (indeed) was not high. My delights, as they required no great cost; so were they purchased with lesse care. Easie and narrow were my desires; they aspired no higher than to points, pins, or cherry-stones. Trifles had so taken up my imagination, as it could reach no further. Yet in these *weake vanities*, my desire was to be a *conquerour*. Now when I found my selfe growne from my *coat*, my *Parents* fouud no such thing in my *conditions*. Those were *childish* still, and held both their first *shape* and *size*. None ever breathed, that was longer time a *child*: or that

that longed leſſe after the ſtate and ſtyle of *Man.* My thoughts were ſo fitted to that age, as if that age were ever to bee maſter of my thoughts. I meaſured everie one by mine owne Laſt, and muſed how any one could bee ſerious. I knew not what they meant by a deare Summer, or an unſeaſonable Harveſt. Theſe were the leaſt and lighteſt of my cares: while I found plentie, I dreamed little of others ſcarcitie. Mine higheſt outrage was the breach of an Orchard. Yet ſuch *inbred ſeeds* were ſowne in mee by his *grace* that made mee, as I thought this was not well done of mee. But whatſoever I did in my ſelfe *cor-*

rect; others were as apt quickly to *corrupt*. If other children approved it, I gave way unto it. I shap't my affection by their liking: my election by their loving. Thus went I on a *proficient* in nothing so much as folly. I wished for time after time to please my *childish* fancie: but never weighed the preciousnesse of time, nor how all things slav'd to time were vanitie. Few and weake were my desires; nor did they much differ from those of an inferiour creatures, being altogether for the present. How easily might any one have deceived mee with *shadowes* for *substance*; *Esau* in preferring a *messe of pottage* before his *inheritance*, was

was never more fooliſh, than I was in the eſtimate of my vanities. What a braue youth held I my ſelfe with mine Eldern Gun, Hobbie-horſe, and Rattle? A poore pride, and yet rich enough for that time. What was onely before mee, ſeemed deare unto mee. Yeſterday was too long for mee to remember: and to morrow too long for mee to expect. I held the preſent day, the only date of my pleaſure. No day was to mee ominous, but if any were, none ſo much, as after a long *Breaking up*, to returne to *Schoole*. I found in my ſelfe a naturall feare; but this proceeded rather from ſight of the rod, than any propenſitie to what

was good. This *feare* taught mee first how to *flatter*; and this I began first to practise on my *Master*. What faire promises would I make him, in hope of one houres reprive from him! All things should bee amended; meane time, nothing lesse intended. Thus went I on in my *childish* wayes; wise enough to be a Wag; too light, to bee truly wise. So as, I might be well compared to that *Top*, I so much used; which alwayes ran round, & never went forward, unlesse it were whipt. A true Truant, but a weake Proficient. Libertie I still desired, yet made no use of it. Books I loved onely for their Cover; Flowers and indented Letters I preferred before

before the matter. Thus was my *childhood* bestowed; though some glowing hopes rak't up in the embers appeared; which did not a little glad their longing hearts which gave me nurture: but how these hopes ripened, you may hereafter gather.

Of his Youth.

Memoriall IV.

BY this time I had served two Apprentiships in the world. And was growne higher in *stature*, but for my *discretion*, it kept still the same measure. Yet turning over a new leafe, and recalling to mind my former

life; I never lookt on what my *childhood* did, without a glowing bluſh. Yet for all this, might my *childhood*, if I had fallen back into it, been as much aſhamed of what was done in my *youth*, as my *youth* was of what was done in my *childhood*. Now had I left my Scraple, Scourge, and Top with my Coat. For then in my heat of *youth*, did I hunt after pleaſures of more height. Heavie hunting, when I made mine own *darling* a prey to my foe! I could walk in no place, but *ſnares* were laid ready for mee, to entrap mee; yet would not I ſo much as eye them, leſt by taking notice of them, I ſhould avoyd them, and ſo loſe the pleaſure

ſure I tooke in them. Thus were my delights mounted to a fuller height; and quickened with more youthfull heat; both which beget in my now relenting ſoule a late, but heartie hate. Not a day paſſed over my head, without ſome ſpirituall hurt. The eaſieſt of my vanities were light amorous Poems. I held thoſe, employments for my beſt houres. O what a prize, what a bootie, held I a *favour* ſnatcht from a *light piece* of beautie? My fortunes were not great, which enjoyned mee to a ſparer expence. But if my ſmall credit could ſupply what my fortunes wanted; I ſtickt not much on the *meaneſt commodities* to make up

that want. My melancholly ever proceeded from want of money. While Roring was in requeſt, I held it a complete faſhion. For Civility, I held it for ſuch a rag of unbeſeeming Gentrie, as I ſcorned to take acquaintance of it. I had long before this, aſpired to a pipe of rich Smoake with a Tinder-box, and theſe gave light to my lighter diſcourſes. I held my pockets ſufficiently ſtored, if they could but bring mee off for mine Ordinarie, and after dinner purchaſe mee a ſtoole on the ſtage. I had cares enough beſides hoording; ſo as, I held it fit to disburden my ſelfe of that, and reſigne it over to the worldling. A long

long *winter night* seemed but a *Midſummer nights dreame*, being merrily paſt in a Catch of foure parts, a deep health to a light Miſtreſſe, and a knot of brave blades to make up the Conſort. I could jeere *Him* to his face, whom I needed moſt, *Ten at hundred*, I meane ſaid he would not ſtick to paymee in mine owne coyne. I might beg a courteſie at his hands, but to ſtarve for't never prevaile; for herein I found this inſtrument of ufurie and the Devill to be of one *Societie*: and that they craved nothing of any one, ſave onely *Seeuritie*. A weake blaſt of light fame, was a great part of that portion I aimed at. And herein was my madneſſe!

neſſe! I held nothing ſo likely to make mee knowne to the world, or admired in it, as to be debauch't, and to purchaſe a Paraſites praiſe by my riot. It is not in mee; no, it is far from mee and my memorie, to recall to mind what miriads of houres that time miſ-ſpended. Scarcely one poore minute can I bethinke mee on, wherein I did ought, or expreſt my ſelfe in ought, that might redound to his honour, whom now in mine age I have only ſought. How truly might I ſay in thoſe daies, in thoſe many evill dayes, I had beene ſecure, if Society had not made me impure? And yet muſt I be enforced to retract this too, if I deſire freely.

freely to lye open my ſelfe, and ſpeake what is true. For of all thoſe Conſorts, whoſe company I uſed, I found no Conſort worſe than my ſelfe. Yea, I confeſſe (and may this my *confeſſion* be never without heartie *contrition*) that it is impoſſible for mee to remember, how many poore ſimple ſoules, who when they ſcarce knew how to ſin, I taught them; when they were willing to ſin, I perſwaded them; when they withſtood ſin, I conſtrained them; when they enclined to ſin, I conſented to them. Yea, to how many I lay ſnares in the way where they walked, for how many I made pit-fals in the way when they ſought it: And

to

to the end I might not be afraid to commit, I feared nothing at all to forget. (*Aug. Med. c. 3.*) O how often have I returned, after such time as I had mourned, to that *vomit* which I seemingly loathed, and to that *clay* wherein I formerly wallowed? How strong were my promises; how weak my performance? What lesse then can I doe, than resolve my selfe into teares; that my bespotted soule may be rinsed; my many, innumerably many sins may be rinsed; my too secure soule from the grave of sin raised? With anguish of heart, and bitternesse of spirit will I therefore conclude, calling on him who is my trust: *Lord forgive me the sins of my youth.*

Of

Of his Manhood.

MEMORIALL V.

WHen I was a *Childe*, I loved *childiſhneſſe*: when a *Youth*, delicacie and *wantonneſſe*. But being now come to *Man*, what can bee leſſe expected than *fruits* of *obedience*? Fruits! Few, God knowes, and thoſe bitter fruits. Never did *man* reade *man* more, and expreſſe *man* leſſe. A long time had I been a ſtranger to my fathers houſe; Many yeares had I ſojourned with the unwary *Prodigall* in a ſtrange countrey. I had ſpent my *portion*, that faire portion of many rich

rich graces, which my heavenly Father had bestowed on me; I was driven to such want, as I was like to starve; yet would I not acknowledge my poore estate. Returne I would not to my father; nor crave any succour; though I was become a most miserable creature, a foule uncleane Leper, one utterly lost for ever, had not some kind-hearted *Samaritan* relieved mee in such time of danger. But *Necessitie* brings ever along with her some *remedie*. I suffered my sore to be opened, that it might bee cured. I found my selfe sick, & I besought my Physician, my heavenly Physician, that hee would looke upon mee with the eyes of his compassion.

ſion. And he came unto me, and healed mee: yet, with this condition, that I ſhould ſin no more. But I found the cuſtome of ſin too hard, and the continuance thereof too ſweet to bee left ſo ſoone. No ſooner had I recovered ſtrength, than I returned to my former ſtate. I found the abilities of nature too ſtrong in me, to leave ſin ſo ſpeedily. No ſentence in all the Scripture was ſo freſh nor frequent in my memory, as, *At what time ſoever a ſinner doth repent him of his ſin*, &c. *Ezek.* c. 18. but I abuſed the Text, and by it promiſed to my ſelfe more libertie. I held it Security enough to ſinne ſecretly. As one retired from the ſight both of God and man,

man, to promiſe more impunitie to ſinne, I ſtickt not to ſay, *Who ſeeth mee?* But woe is mee! what was worſt of all, and what without griefe of heart I ſhall never remember: Though I ſaw many eyes upon mee, and that my *example* might have done good to many; for that in the opinion of others, I was ranked both for *knowledge* and *condition* before many others; thoſe whom I might by my uprightneſſe have improved, by my looſeneſſe of life I depraved. Which made me call to minde with much heavineſſe of heart, what I had ſometimes read: *Of ſo many deaths is every one worthy, as he hath given evill examples to thoſe that live with him,*

him, or left evill examples to those that shall succeed him. O my God (thus would I many times commune with mine owne heart) how many deaths have I deserved, who held it not enough to undoe my selfe, by taking upon me a liberty of sinning; but to undoe others too, by chalking them out a way by my unhappie example for the like freedom of trāsgressing! This, I confesse, could not chuse but make me to others most hatefull, my selfe to my selfe most distasteful. And yet for all this, swum I still in the same streame. Truth it is, that frō my youth up, whē as yet no early soft downe had cloathed my chin, I had takē a full perusall of my owne estate.

eſtate. I found in me, what of neceſſity might bee either corrected by me; or nought could I looke for leſſe than miſery. Some *boſome ſins* likewiſe I foūd in me after I came to *mans eſtate* wch ill became the condition of *man*, and I ſought for cure of them. Amongſt theſe, one I culled forth more deare to me than the reſt, and which neither day nor night would afford mee any reſt. And I found meanes to remove it, or to weane mee from it; and I applyed them, but got no helpe by them, becauſe I miſ-applyed them. For I well remember, after ſuch time as I had beene adviſed, what directions to uſe, to allay, if not take away, the poyſon of that

that *darling ſin* wherewith I was infected; I tooke great care for a while, to obſerve whatſoever was injoyned mee: and to neglect no meanes to procure my ſafety. Firſt, I ſhut my *windowes*; I admitted no *treaties*; I abſtained from *dainties*. Secondly, I ſuffer'd not my thoughts to converſe with *lightneſſe*. Thirdly, I preſented my ſuit to that *High Court of Requeſts*, for more aſſiſtance. Fourthly, I ſubjected my fleſh to *holy Diſcipline* and obedience. Fifthly, I *meditated* of *Death*; and how this dainty pampered fleſh would in that time turne to deformitie and rottenneſſe. Sixtly, I imparted my griefes to my *Superiours*, to receive the

the benefit of their godly counſell and holy prayers. But fleſh and bloud became ſoone weary of this Taske. Which I no ſooner neglected, than I made relapſe into that malady, which during all the time of my ſpirituall exerciſe, was well aſſwaged. Thus in my entry to the ſtate of *man*, after ſuch time as I was gone downe to the Grave, and that the Pit had nearely received mee; had not my good God taken pity of mee, and ſhowne the light of his Countenance upon me: even then, I ſay, was I no ſooner ſet againe on my feet, then I returned to my accuſtomed filth. And though *Manhood* had ſwallowed up my *Youth*; yet did my

my *Manhood* taste lesse of *Man* than my *Youth*.

Of his Age.

MEMORIALL VI.

BEhold! how hee who would not *remember* his *Creator* in the dayes of his *Youth*; nor *remember* that hee was a *man*; is now come to that feeble estate, as hee can scarce *remember himselfe*. Now are those *Evill dayes* come on me, wherein I may say, *I have no pleasure in them*. Now, and never till now, feele I the *keepers* of my *house* to tremble, and the *strong men* bow themselves, and the *grinders* cease, because they are few, and

and those that looke out of the *windowes* bee darkned: Now I feele the *silver coard* loosed, the *golden bowle* broken, the *pitcher* broken at the fountaine, the *wheele* broken at the Cisterne. (*Eccles.* 12.) And yet is there none so old, but hee hopes to live one yeare longer; though the longer he lives, his miseries increase in number. But what am I now, who have seene so many evill dayes; and learned so much by others follies; and read man over and over in every volume? Sure, either now or never there is some appearance of *grace*, when there is so neare approach to my Grave. To be *old* in *yeares*, and *young* in *houres*, is an unchristian piece of

of Arithmetick. Neither can there be any ſight more unſeemely, than to ſee an old man, gray in haires, and grave in yeares, to have no other argument to prove his yeares, but his haires. I am now *gathering* my *veſſels* in the *haven:* Neither doe I find ought without me, that may ſo much cheare mee, as to hold me one minute longer from my Countrey. I have paſſed the Maine, and am come a Shore. And yet I muſt put forth a little further, before I can reach my wiſhed Harbour. I have already entered the *Suburbs*; my *weake Age* tels me I draw neare the *Walls*. And yet I feele many things wanting in mee, that tell me, I am not ſo well furniſhed

niſhed as I ſhould be. I finde, indeed, in me no great abilitie to ſinne, but what of all that? Did my *will* to ſin die, while I had *ability* to ſin? If it did not; all this is nothing, nor ſhall advantage me ought at my ending. For hee who ceaſeth from ſinne when hee can ſinne no more, cannot be ſaid to leave ſinne, but ſin to leave him. There is not one *ſervant* in all my *Meniey* that is able to doe any ſervice for mee; not one living power or faculty that can diſcharge that peculiar office they owe mee. It is high time for mee then to ſhut up ſhop, and to leave my Trade; my too long trading in ſinning, wherein I have ſpent ſo many houres (never to

to be recalled) of precious time. I am now eſteemed of, but as ſome old moath-eaten *Calendar* without date. If I talk like to one of my yeares; unſeaſoned youth jeeres ſuch gravity; if I ſpeake ought below my ſelfe, ſtraight am I taxed of levity. If I doe ought youthfully, it ill becomes mee; and if I doe like my ſelfe, gravely, that diſtaſtes me, becauſe it diſlikes them whoſe company delights mee. I have *greene thoughts* ſhrowded under *gray locks*. So as, it ſeemes I differ in nothing from what I was at firſt, but only in haire, and unable limbs. For I have a *will* to doe what I did, if I had *abilitie* to doe what I would. Never was decrepit

thing more ſtrong in *will*, more weake in *power*. I am now made uſe of, like as of ſome aged ſullied *Record*; only brought forth to looke upon, and then laid aſide. Would I but know what a ſmall portion of worldly meanes might ſuffice mee; ſeeing Nature hath now drawne out my threed of life to the full length; I could not but confeſſe that my ſmall remainder of dayes now left mee, had a competencie to ſerve mee: yet, while I have one foot in the Grave, my deſires are more *deepe* than the Grave; more *thirſtie* than the Earth, to which I am every moment drawing nearer, though in my earthly affections daily ſtronger.

ſtronger. There is nothing in all my houſe of leſſer uſe than my ſelfe; neither is my body halfe ſo weake as my minde. My life is but at beſt, a dying ſleepe. Nor bee my cares ever at better reſt, than when I am aſleepe. The moſt that can be now ſaid of me, is this; *He was a man in his time.* But that time is done; for now I turne *Child* again; and cannot for a world help my ſelfe, ſo neare am I to the brinke: yet ſee what light thoughts ſparkle out of this *dead Turffe!* My eyes darken; my teeth blacken; my heart beateth; my hoarſe throat ruttleth; my countenance hath loſt her colour; all my powers and motions their vigour: yet can thoſe

darke eyes look and long after anothers Farme; those teeth grate and grinde themselves for revenge; that poore beating throbbing heart wish for a longer life; that seere and sallow countenance desire to looke young; those decayed powers wish to be strong. My friends put me in mind of my *Will*; and my sicke soule answers them with a sigh: Friends, advise him to forget his *Will*: for it was that onely which undid mee and him. But my *outward house* must not bee yet *disposed* of; I love it too well to leave it. Yet a little; and yet a little. Spare mee but a very little; I finde not my selfe altogether so *weake*, as my *weakenesse* should yet stand in

in need of a *Will.* Thus doe I love to deceive my ſelfe; while that *ſtrong man* ſtands at the doore, readie to arreſt mee. I daily ſee how thoſe who are every way ſtronger, are enjoyned to pay their debt to Nature. But this I apply not to my ſelfe; I looke ſtill for ſome dayes to bee *added* to my life. None ſo weake, but hee is fit for ſome worke. Though I can neither digge, nor delve, nor faſhion my ſelfe to any hand-labour; I can deviſe how to make my *Barnes* larger: But what is all this to ſetting of my houſe in Order? Alas! How long have I wearied my ſelfe with theſe wayward cares? How long have I beene in

preparing, and am ſtill unprepared? What a ſtirre I made for a *ſtate*, and ſtill neglected my *inward ſtate?* yea, what got I for all my *cares*, but an unhappie inheritance of *hopes* and *feares?* And what were my *hopes*, but from thoſe things, from whence I could not expect for either *hope* or *helpe?* And thus I keep my Couch; no leſſe fearfull to loſe what I alreadie have; than I was ſometimes carefull to get, what I now have. Woe is mee! ſhall I therefore neglect Heaven, becauſe Heaven h'as dealt ſo bountifully with me? Shall that which I now ſcarcely enjoy (for I enjoy it without joy) deprive mee of my chiefeſt joy? Here

I

I feele all the *infirmities* of *Nature*; there I shall partake a *lasting youth*, and with it abundance of pleasure. Yet these worke weakly on mee. I would faine build my *Tabernacle* here. And yet I finde no great comfort here. For what may I bee said to *enjoy*, that I *possesse*? Attendants indeed, of *Old age* I have many, and such as cleave neare mee. But for ought else without mee, I cannot challenge them *properly*; because a very short time shall *impropriate* these to my *posteritie*. Those things then that grieve mee, I have; nor will they leave mee till I goe to my Grave: But those things that should cheare mee, I have not: for

they must shortly leave mee, or I them; when *Corruption* shall bee my *Mother*, and *Wormes* my *Brethren* and *Sisters*. Thus hath my life beene as a *Tale* that is *told*: *Sphinxes* riddle is now made good in me: my *second childhood* records mine aged infancie. My *age* h'as made *time* change my *Tence*; I WAS, and that is all can be said of mee.

His

His Pleasures.

MEMORIALL VII.

SOme will thinke it strange, that *Age* should be a fore-runner to *Pleasure*; and will dislike mee for ranking them in this manner. But if they knew my aime, they would quickly rectifie their censure, and approve of mine order. For I doe not here treat of *Pleasure*, as a subject fore *Age*, to delight in: for rare were that delight (unlesse it receive life from above) that could suit well with it. No; my meaning is to take a *Survey* (not without teares) of all those *Pleasures*

ſures which my vaine *youth* affected; with thoſe which my riper age frequented: with theſe which my declining time (theſe few and evill dayes of mine) have purſued. And in the review of theſe, I finde thoſe *Pleaſures* of my *youth*, full of vanitie; yet not enthralling mee to ſo much miſerie, as thoſe of my *riper growth*; nor thoſe ſo dangerous, as theſe of mine age. Everie *time* brought with it a new *tide*. In the firſt prime of my *youth*; I made choyce of ſuch delights as ſorted beſt with my fancie; wherein I ſhewed ſuch agilitty, as few in the exerciſe of them ſurpaſſed mee. But in theſe I found much vanity: for they either wearied mee,

or

or they were weary of mee. The *beasts* of the *field* became my *prey*; while I became a *prey* to those *beasts* within. In these an *easie Ambition* tooke mee; contending with those who were given to like sports, for the masterie. This, I must confesse, was neither greatly harmfull nor usefull. Those poore *Creatures* which I had in chace abroad, could have done mee little harme; had not my *passions* wrought mee disquiet at home. Which, though they assailed and assaulted mee, yet did they not wholly surprize mee. And yet did I many things, which beget in mee now a glowing shame. My *youth* was not so well seasoned, as to use *plea-*

sure

ſure as it ſhould be uſed. I was too hot in the queſt and purſuit of it, to ſhew any diſcretion in the exerciſe of it. And too ſtrongly was I fixed on thoſe poore *Objects*, wherewith my unſtayed *eyes* were fed, to make uſe of what mine eyes beheld, for mine inward good. But long did I not beſtow my ſelfe on theſe: for when I came to more yeares, I abandoned thoſe *pleaſures* I purſued at firſt; I betooke mee to thoſe that ſeemed more *manly*; but I found by bitter experience, that they onely *ſeemed* ſo: for theſe are they who now ſting mee like *Adders*, and afflict my troubled ſoule with a thouſand terrours. For in thoſe times I well remember,

ber, with what securitie I used to sit in my Summer-Arbour. How my thoughts were only laid to satisfie my loose desires. *Let us take our fill of pleãsure*; thus I talked with my wandring senses. And quickly opened they their *windowes* to let sin in; but no *passage* found I by them to let sin out. They cried with the Horse-leach, *more, more.* I found them as *insatiable* as *Hell*, or the *Grave*. Yea, when strength of nature failed, and the powers of sin became weakened, my wanton *Will* supply'd, wherinsoever my abilitie wanted. Thus in my strength, was I led away captive; nor could I redeeme my liberty for many yeares. This caused mee many

many times in the chamber of my heart to peruſe the ſtory of *Sampſon:* who, when hee was ſtrongeſt, ſhewed himſelfe weakeſt, in diſcloſing his ſtrength to a *Dalilah.* And this, mee thought, came neare mee; I could never read it, but I was ſtinged with it. For at that time was I in my full ſtrength; and conceiving ſt ſtate. I had improved my helps by diſcourſe, and behaviour of my ſelfe, by reading *bookes* and *men.* In the one I read what ſhould bee done; in the other, I beheld whatſoever was either praiſe-worthy, or otherwiſe done. None could diſguiſe himſelfe from the world more; or ſeemingly impeach his honour leſſe.

But

But what was the iſſue of all this? A *double ſinne* could receive no leſſe than a *double ſcourge*. Halt with *man*, I might; with *God*, I could not. The longer hee deferred; the more hee inferred. In that ſin, wherein any one is moſt delighted; ſhall he be puniſhed. Sweet meat muſt have ſowre ſauce. I conſidered (but too ſhort time did thoſe thoughts lodge with mee) that theſe *pleaſures* were but for a *moment*, but no leſſe ſpace than *Eternitie* ended the *torment*. I conſidered too, how that *Eternitie* depended on this *Moment*. Yet, for all this did I enlarge mine heart unto *pleaſures*. The day ſeemed long, wherein I did not enjoy them: the night

night long, wherein I thought not of them. I knew what ſinne it was to *ſollicit* a *Maid* unto lightneſſe; or to be *drunken* with *wine*, wherein was *exceſſe*: or to ſuffer mine *heart* to be *oppreſſed* with *ſurfetting* and *drunkenneſſe*: yet, for all this, run I on ſtill in mine *evill wayes*; and ſo continued till my *evill dayes* came upon mee; which fitted themſelves for *pleaſures* too, but of another degree, and in an higher ſtraine of vanitie.

Alas, poore decrepit age! what *pleaſure* can the whole world find for ſuch a Cripple? Thine eyes are too dim to diſcerne beautie; thy lame legs can find no feet, to walke to the houſe of the

ſtrange

ſtrange woman. Thy May-flowers no ſooner withered, than thy May-games ended. Uſeleſſe yeares, Hawthorne haires, fruitleſſe cares ſtick cloſe to thee; all things elſe (ſaving onely theſe conſtant companions, the infirmities of age) have long ſince left thee. The leaſt diſtemper begets in thee a ſurfet. Young men, when they ſee thee merrie, laugh at thee; becauſe thy mirth ſo ill becomes thee. Old men wag their heads at thee, ſeeing thee doe what ſo ill-beſeems thee. Thou haſt had already enough of the *pleaſures* of ſin: let the younger brood now enjoy what thou haſt taſted. And yet this muſt not be. That man were too too old,

old, for whom the world could not find one *pleasure* to fit his *age*. This to my griefe, I found in my selfe. Old sores are ever hardest to bee cured; and vices in old age most desperate. Heare then my distemper; and to cure it, afford mee your *prayers* and *teares* to my Saviour. The lesse I need, the more needfull am I in my desires. I have more than a competence to maintaine mee during this short remainder of my pilgrimage, lent mee. And yet this will not serve my turne: my mouth is halfe filled with gravell; and yet are not my desires filled with what they enjoy. And thogh my verie *nailes* might serve for a *spade* to dig my grave; they

they had rather be moulded and be rusted with telling of coyne. Though I can scarcely see it when I account it: this sufficeth mee, without hope of enjoying to hoord it. My whole Librarie is brought into one volume: & that penn'd with no great art. My cash-keeper lookes to it, and I to him, lest hee corrupt it. This vast volume bears this title, *Creditor* and *Debitor*. But for my *Debts*, I owe few; save onely to *Him*, to whom I owe my selfe. Meane time, I am so far from discharging it, as I scarcely vouchsafe to acknowledge it.

O lessen in mee these unhappie cares; that it may be henceforth my whole care, to

to apply to this old ſore a ſpeedy cure. Let mee not onely ſpeake it, but thinke it: *Vanitie of vanities, and all is but vanitie, ſave onely to pleaſe God, and to ſerve him.*

His Labours.

Memoriall VIII.

MY *breeding* was ſuch, as it never acquainted mee with any Hand-labour. Neither was my *conſtitution* ſo ſtrong as to endure it: nor my *diſpoſition* ſo low as to brooke it. Free-bred were my Studies: ſo as, *Lapwing*-like, with ſhell on head, I begun to write, before my *yeares* could well make mee

an

an *Author*. But hence my teares! The *Subjects* I made choyce of, were of *Love*; to close with my *fancie*, which was verie *light*. I was proud in bearing the title of a *Writer*; which, I must confesse, together with the instancie of such as either truly applauded mee, or deluded mee, made mee ambitious after the name of an *Author*. And what were those light *Poems* I then penned; but such as are now pensive Odes to my dolorous soule, grieving to peruse what my youth so dearely loved? O how familiar was I with *Parnassus*, *Helicon*, *Hippocrene*, and all the *Muses*! Meane time, I seldome or never thought of that heavenly

venly *Olympus*, which crowns all vertuous *Labours* with true happineſſe. It was the ſaying of an holy Father; "Thoſe ſtudies which "I once loved, now con- "demne mee; thoſe which "I ſometimes praiſed, now "diſparage mee. Far more cauſe have I to ſay, how, Thoſe *Labours* which I once fancied, now afflict mee: thoſe which ſometimes delighted mee, now perplex mee. I am many times in company, where I heare ſome of my youthfull verſes repeated: and though I doe neither owne them, nor praiſe them: yet muſt I in another place anſwer for them, if hee, on whom I depend, ſhall not in theſe teares which

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which I ſhed, drowne the memory of them. For alas! how many chaſte eares have I offended; how many light eares have I corrupted with thoſe *unhappie workes* which I have publiſhed? What wanton meaſures have I writ for the nonc't, to move a light Curtezan to hugge my conceit; and next her *Venus* and *Adonis*, or ſome other immodeſt toy, to lodge mee in her boſome? Light ſtuffe, to be entertained in ſo flouriſhing a ſtate! O how the re-remembrance of theſe doe grieve me! When that *Talent*, which might have beene employed to Gods glory; became a *Forge* of lightneſſe and vanity! O how much better had it beene for mee

to bury it, than to use it to his dishonour, who gave me it! Was this the *triall* of *wits*, to make choice of no other *Theame*, than what corrupts best wits? Was *Learning* made to no other end, than to make *lines*, so many *lures*; to take a modest eye; or worke on an easie minde; or to lead a poore deluded Soule to Hell? Was *wit* given to be exercised in wantonnesse; or to prostitute it selfe, only to please it selfe, with lightnesse? Unhappie *Wit*, that is so employed! Ill-goven'd *Learning*, that is so bestowed! We cry out of the Devill (and good cause have we to doe so) for tempting our Grandam *Eve*, and deceiving her with his subtiltie;

tiltie; tell mee then, what age, sex or degree may not justly cry out of such as mee, who have tempted our Grandams children so often with our ribaldry? Well might that devout Father call *Poetry*, the *Devils Wine*; to make men and women drunke with their prophaneness; abuse them with their lightness: But woe is mee! it was not all kindes of *Poetry* that he condemned. For what sweet and heavenly wits have been employed in *Poesie*? What devout teares have their divine workes begot? What holy motions, heavenly fancies have these bred? *Poesie* then is a divine influence; and the choice of the Sub-

ject makes the difference. This I ſpeake not in defence of my ſelfe, but in defence of it which I have ſo much abuſed. For many ſweet Poems have I read, which could not chuſe but beget in an attentive *Reader* many good thoughts: and whoſe *Inventions*, whether they were couched in *proſe* or *verſe*, deſerrved of all cleare judgements, their applauſe; and theſe live to poſterity; becauſe they enlivened vertue: & ſet up ſuch a Light upon the Altar of devotion, as ſhal never go out. But theſe I followed not. Let my *teares* therefore be many; becauſe the *fruits* which others reaped by my *Labours*, were but few. Neither was I onely vers'd

vers'd in theſe. For being put on by my *Superiours*, at whoſe diſpoſe I was, I addreſſed my pen to *Labours* Hiſtoricall, Morall and Divine. Neither was I in theſe leſſe blame-worthy: for even Thoſe, wherein I ſhould only have aym'd at Gods glory, had ever in them ſome ſprinklings of vaine-glory: Nay, what was more; (for enough I cannot ſpeake to my owne ſhame;) Thoſe *Cardinall vertues* whereof I treated; and which to the imitation of others I commended; found ever the worſt example in my ſelfe. Which could not chuſe but redound to my great diſhonour; to ſee mee the leaſt obſerver of that, which I

commended to another. Likewiſe, thoſe *Theologicall vertues*, which in thoſe my *Diviner Workes*, I ſo highly honoured; with thoſe *ſeven Beatitudes*, the practice whereof I ſo much preſſed; where found they my imitation in them, to confirme my admiration of them? Now tell mee, was this all that might bee required of mee? Was it ſufficient for mee to commend to others, what I meant not to amend in my ſelfe? Was this the duty of an Author? Whether bee our lives to bee ſhowne in our pens, or our pens in our lives? Truth is, for one *Active* man, we have ten *Contemplative*. Amongſt which, none ever profeſſed more,

more, and expreſſed leſſe, than my ſelfe. I could ſometimes ſay, and confirme it with a vow; That I could never dictate with tongue, nor relate with pen, what I conceived not firſt in heart. But none could finde this in me, that did reade me; or by converſing with me, found mee. So as, withdrawing my ſelfe a little aſide from the world, and conſidering my owne fearfull eſtate, whom even ripeneſſe of time, cals out of the world: I goe on many times in this *Appeale* to my ſelfe. "Looke, I pray thee, "looke, a little on thy ſelfe: "and let no ſtrange eye ſee "thee, nor eare heare thee, "nor tongue judge thee "but thy ſelfe. What haſt

" thou writ; or of what
" hast thou writ? Of love;
" of Love! but didst thou not
" corrupt that style, and
" make it Lust? Yes; hea-
" vens know, thou didst. A-
" gaine, didst thou chuse
" a better subject? how didst
" thou handle it? wel enough
" in thy *line*; but too too
" ill in thy *Life*. O then, let
it be thy *Labour*, in this thy small remainder, to begge forgivenesse of *Him*, whom thou didst so much dishonour: and if ever there bee spent by thee more Lampe-light on those Studies, let Him onely have the praise, who rewards every faithfull *Labourer* in the Evening, and gives to his *Labour* successe.

His

His Life.

MEMORIALL IX.

LIfe is a *Race*, or *progresse* to *Death*. The *House* I sojourne in, a *Tent* or *Tabernacle*. The *People* I converse and consort with, as I am, and all our Fathers before us, *Pilgrims*. Every day h'as his date; yesterday was not as to day, nor to day as to morrow. Two things there are, which makes mee ever to wonder, the more I thinke of them. The one is, to heare a *Stranger* (as we are all) to breathe out so many longing wishes, languishing desires: "O that I were at

" home! O that I were in " mine owne Countrey! And what home is this hee meanes? Is it his owne home? his owne native Countrey? No; It is his *earthly Tabernacle*. Perchance he liveth (if a *Pilgrimage* may be properly called a *Living*) farre in the *North*, and upon occasion he is call'd up to the *South*; O how tedious are his houres till he returne! yet was hee as neare his *Country*, before as now. The Latter is, to see a poore *way-faring* man (as we are all) when he is in his journey, and wearied with Travaile, overload himselfe, as if hee purposely meant to fore-slow his speed to his Countrey: Or set himselfe on *building* in the way, as if he had

had quite forgot the *place* whereto he was to goe. This I am sure, is my estate. Albeit, I have found even in those who would have highly rejoyced in enjoying that *light* which I am call'd to; and no doubt, would have made far better use of it, than I doe; excellent *resolves* touching their contempt of earth: although their *understandings* were so *darkned*, as their mis-guided thoughts could mount no higher. These could conclude; "Whereso-"ever we be, we are in our "Countrey, and our Coun-"trey with us, so it be well "with us. But well it cannot bee with us, so long as *Passions* of the *minde* disquiet us within, and *Infirmities* enfeeble

enfeeble us without. I heare some call this *Life* a *Prison*; but yet these who call it so, live not like *Prisoners*. Delights and Delicacies become not *Fetters*. Nay, if we truely held it a *prison*; wee would desire our *libertie*: but we either know not, or acknowledge not our misery. Others can call it a *Banishment*; others a *Punishment*; others a *Death*. But if a *Banishment*, why wish wee not to be restored? if a *Punishment*, why seeke wee not to bee released? And if a *Death*, why sleepe wee in it, and desire not to be raised? No; no; these are but words in the aire. Like such as commend *Abstinence*, in their *Surfets*; or discourse of *Mortification*

tification in their *Cups*. Not one of theſe, who compare themſelves to *priſoners*, would be, if they might bee, freed; Nor one of theſe *Exiles*, infranchiſed; Nor one of theſe who hold themſelves thus *puniſhed*, delivered; nor one of theſe who hold themſelves *Dead-alive*, revived. This I am ſure, is my caſe: Though I finde all things in the *World* to bee nothing but *Vanitie*; and of thoſe, *Man* the greateſt *Vanitie*: and of all men, my ſelfe the fulleſt of *Vanity*. For I have *rejoyced* all my dayes, in a thing of *nought*. And I thought ſtill in mine heart to put farre away the *evill day*, by *approaching* to the *Seat* of *iniquitie*: but I found that the

the eyes of the *Almighty* were upon mee, and that I *groped* but in *Darkneſſe*, to wound my ſelfe. Wretched man! How long have I been in a *miſerable ſtate*, and knew it not? How long have I beene a *Stranger* to my *Fathers houſe*, and returned not? I have read it, Deare Lord, in thy Book; and I have found it by experience in that publike Regiſter of mans mortality: how this *Life* is truly compared to a *Courſe*, to a *Poaſt*; and what ſwifter? To a *Weavers ſhuttle*; and what quicker? To a *Tale* that is told; what ſhorter? To a *Shadow*; what ſooner vaniſhing? To *Graſſe*; what ſooner withering? To the *Tracke* of a *Ship*; what leſſe appearing?

To

To the *Flight* of a *Bird*; what more ſpeedily gliding? Yet for all this have I loaded my ſelfe with *thicke clay*; as if I were too *fleet* in my courſe to heaven, and needed traſhing. But would you know in what *places*, I have beene moſt verſed; and with what *perſons*, moſt converſed? I ſhall render you a juſt Account; meane time, what Account I ſhall make for my miſ-ſpent houres, heaven knowes.

After ſuch time, as my Parents had brought mee up at Schoole; to get mee an inheritance in that, wherewith no earthly *providence* could endow me; I was ſent to the *Univerſitie*; where (ſtill with an humble acknow-

knowledgement of others favours and seasonable endevours) I became such a *Proficient*, as *Time* call'd mee, and *Examination* approv'd mee for a *Graduate*. And in these Studies I continued, till by universall *Voice* and *vote*, I was put upon a *Task*, whose *Style* I have, and shall ever retaine, the *Sonne of Earth*; *Terræ Filius*. From the performance of which exercise, whether it were the extraordinary favour which the *Universitie* pleased to grace mee withall, or that shee found some tokens in mee of such future proficience as might answer the hopes of so tender a Mother, I know not: but, sure I am, I received no small encouragement both

both in my ſtudies and free tender of ample preferment. And too apt was I, to apply this the worſe way. For this extraordinary grace begot in mee a ſelfe-conceit of my own worth: ever thinking, that if this had not proceeded from ſome more deſerving parts in mee: that rich *Seminary* of all Learning would not have ſhowne ſo gracefull a Countenance towards mee. Notwithſtanding, I laboured by that *Grace* which was given mee, to ſuppreſſe this *Opinion* in mee; and humbly to acknowledge my wants and weakneſſe in all; my abilitie in nothing. But *applauſe* is a dangerous *Eare-ring*: which I found by giving too eaſie eare

eare to my owne praiſe; wch, as it deluded my judgement, ſo it expos'd me to cenſure. True, too true I found it, that in the ſight of our owne Parts, wee need no borrowed lights. This it was, and onely this that induced mee to put my ſelfe forward in Publique Exerciſes with much confidence: wherein (ſuch happineſſe it is to bee poſſeſt of opinion) I ſeldome or never came off with diſgrace.

Having for ſundry yeares together thus remained in the bounteous boſome of this my *Nurſing-Mother*; all which time, in the freedome of thoſe Studies, I reap't no leſſe private comfort, than I received

received from others incouragement; I resolved to set my *rest* upon this, to bestow the most of my time in that place, if it stood with my Parents liking. But soone was I crossed by them in these resolves: being injoyned by them to turne the course of my Studies from those sweet *Academick* Exercises, wherein I tasted such infinite content: and to betake my selfe to a profession, which I must confesse suited not well with my disposition: for the fresh fragrant flowers of Divine Poesie and Morall Philosophy could not like well to be removed, nor transported to those thorny places and plashes of the Law. But no remedy; with

with an unwilling farewell I tooke my leave of *Philoſophy*; to addreſſe my Studies to that *Knowledge*, which at firſt ſeemed ſo far different from my element; as if I had been now to be moulded to ſome new Dialect; for though I was knowne to moſt tongues, I became a meere Novice in this. Here I long remained, but lightly profited: being there ſeated, where I ſtudied more for *acquaintance* than *knowledge*. Nor was I the onely one (though a principall one) who run deeply in areeres with time; and gulled the eyes of opinion with a Law-gowne. For I found many in my caſe, who could not recompence their Parents many yeares

yeares charge with one Book-caſe.

Yet amidſt theſe diſ-reliſhing ſtudies, whereto I was rather enforced than enclined: I beſtowed much precious time (better ſpent then in Tavernes and Brothells) in reviving in mee the long-languiſhing ſpirit of Poetrie, with other Morall Aſſayes; which ſo highly delighted mee, as they kept mee from affecting that looſe kind of libertie, which through fulneſſe of meanes, and licentiouſneſſe of the age, I ſaw ſo much followed and eagerly purſued by many. This moved mee ſometimes to fit my buskin'd Muſe for the Stage; with other occaſionall Preſent-

ments

ments or Poems; which being free-borne, and not mercenarie, received gracefull acceptance of all such as understood my ranke and qualitie. For so happily had I crept into *Opinion* (but weake is that *Happinesse* that is grounded on *Opinion*) by closing so well with the temper and humour of the time, as nothing was either presented by mee (at the instancie of the noblest and most generous wits and spirits of that time) to the *Stage*; or committed by mee to the *Presse*; which past not with good approvement in the estimate of the world. Neither did I use these *private Solaces* of my pen, otherwise than as a *play* onely to the

the *imagination:* rather to allay and seaſon more ſerious ſtudies; than accoun them any fixt imployment. Nor did I onely beſtow my time on theſe; for I addreſſed my ſelfe to *Subjects* of *ſtronger digeſtion*; being ſuch as required more maturitie of judgement, though leſſe pregnancie of invention: reliſhing more of the *Lampe*, than thoſe Lighter meaſures which I had formerly penned: wherein I grew as ſtrong in the opinion and reputation of others as before. This I muſt confeſſe, begot in mee a glowing heat and conceit of my ſelfe: but this I held an eaſie errour, and the more diſpenſable, becauſe ariſing from the infir-

infirmitie of nature. Howsoever, I can very well remember (and what other *Followers* can bee to such a *Remembrancer* but penitent teares and inceſſant feares) that I held it in thoſe dayes an incomparable grace to be ſtyled one of the *Wits*. Where, if at any time invited to a publique feaſt, or ſome other *meeting* of the *Muſes*, wee hated nothing more than loſing time; reſerving ever ſome Select houres of that Solemnity, to make proofe of our conceits in a preſent proviſion of Epigrams, Anagrams, with other expreſſive (and many times offenſive) fancies.

But *Wits* ſo ill employed, were-

were like *weapons* put into mad mens hands. They hurt much, benefitted little: diſtaſting more than they pleaſed; for they liked onely ſuch mens palats, as were Male-contents, and Critically affected. By this time I had got an *eye* in the world; and a *finger* in the ſtreet. *There goes an Author! One of the Wits!* Which could not chuſe, but make mee looke bigge, as if I had beene caſten in a new mold. O how in privacie, when nothing but the cloſe Evening, and darke walls accompany mee, doth the remembrance of theſe lighteſt vanities perplex mee! How gladly would I ſhun the memory of them! How willingly for-

goe that sweetnesse which many conceive to bee in them! But let mee goe on; for I am yet but entring that high bet-path of my younger follies. Having thus, for divers yeeres together, continued at *Inns of Court*; where that opinion the world had of my Works, gained mee more *friends*; than the opinion men had of my *Law*, got mee *fees*. For such as affected *Scenes* more than *Suits* were my *Clients*. I thought with my selfe to take a turne or two in *Pauls*; and to perus a whole *Gazetta* in one *walke*. This I conceived might improve mee; first, by indearing and ingratiating my selfe with that *Societie*: which,

which, I must confesse, were richly endowed with two excellent parts, *Invention*, and *Memorie*. Secondly, by screwing some *Subject* from their *Relations*, which might set my pen a work upon occasion.

But I found not there what I expected, which made mee leave that *walke*, and turne *Peripatetick*; a civill *Exchange-man*; where in short time I got acquaintance of the best; being such *gentle Merchants*, as their *wealth* could not so darken their *worth*, but they would willingly enter lists in a combat of *wit*. These, I grant, tooke great felicitie in my company: nor did it repent mee of bestowing

ſome houres with theſe: whoſe diſcourſe of *forraine Newes* ſtrengthened by ſuch able *Intelligence*, did infinitely pleaſe. And theſe, without ſo much as the leaſt loſſe to themſelves (I may ſafely vow) would not ſtick upon occaſion to *accommodate* me: which winged my deſires for the *Court*; the better to *accompliſh* mee. Where I found graceſull acceptance with choyceſt acquaintance. But *Cynthia* could not bee ſtill in her full orbe. I beguu to withdraw my thoughts from the purſuit of theſe, and recount with my ſelfe what I had ſeene: ſtore of wealth in the one, and a beſeeming ſtate in the other. Yet for all this I found my ſelfe

ſelfe but a *Planet* in both. Fixt I could not bee, till ſome conſtant *Calling* admitted mee. I reſolved then, ſeeing I found nothing either in *Court* or *Citie*, but cares: Cares in the one, of getting to hoord and gather; cares in the other, of getting to ſpend and ſcatter: in the one, more *rinde* than *pith*; in the other, more *pith* than *rinde*. This partaking more of *Complement*, that of *Subſtance*: yet a naturall ſtraine of *Inſinuation* in both: but their *Objects* different. The one making a *cringe* for *faſhion*; the other for *gaine*. While the former makes his *vowes* too familiar with his *proteſts*, to be beleeved; the o-

ther sets too deepe a glosse of his *commodities*, with *shop-oaths* to be lik't. The one, with a low dook of your *Servants Servant*, proclaimes him the *Servant* of time, and no ones servant. This I wholly dislik't, for I found the title of *Servant* otherwise applyed by that Divine Vessell of Election, that devout Sanctuarie of Sanctification, that pure Mirrour of Supreme Contemplation. His *title* was, as it was likewise of others of his Fellow-Lab ourers: *Paul a servant of Jesus Christ*; *Iames a servant of Iesus Christ*; *Iude a servant of Iesus Christ*. With this *Complement* These began their Epistles: A Saint-like Preamble! an heavenly Court-

Courtship! Such as all Christians are to imitate.

The other, with his subtill weights and measures (reserving ever my best thoughts for the best) made mee suspect him, that hee sold his *commodities* by *retaile*, and his *conscience* by *whole sale*. Upon review of these, (I say) I resolv'd to leave those *Cinnamon Trees* of the *Court* with their sweet rindes; and those *Palmato's* of the *Citie* with their broad shades: and to turne honest *Countrey-man*: where my Parents providence had setled a competent estate upon mee. Here I lookt to finde nothing but plaine dealing; where I found in very deed, nothing lesse. For upon a

more ſerious peruſall of that life, with the benefits that roſe from it, and conditions of thoſe who were borne and bred in it; I found a cunning Colt wrapt up in a ruſſet coat. Men as apt to *catch*, as if they had beene hatcht in the *Harpies* neſt. Such as would not ſtick to hazard their part and portion in the *Tabernacle* for a Symoniacall Contract. And ſtill I went on to dive into the qualitie of thoſe Ilanders. Where I found ſome *pining* through want, others *repining* at their neighbours wealth, few or none cõtent wth their eſtate: yet none ſo poore in eſtate, as hee would not, though hee ſpared it from his belly, have

have a fee in ſtore to maintaine a ſuit. Long I had not remained in this faſhion, till it pleaſed the Prince to put mee in Commiſſion for adminiſtration of *Iuſtice:* a vertue, and a choyce one too, yet ſuch an one, as by the abuſe of *man*, not of *time*, may be compared to the *Celedony* ſtone, which retaineth her vertue no longer than it is rubbed with gold. For my carriage therein, I appeale to ſuch as knew mee: many imperfections and failings (Heaven knowes) accompanyed mee, which by an humble acknowledgement of mine owne wants, & an earneſt deſire of ſupply by Gods grace, became ſo rectified in mee; as what be-

fore ſeemed crooked, was by that *golden Rule* of his *divine Will* in mee ſtreightned.

Thus have I paſſed my dayes; traced many wayes; where the longer I liv:d, the more I ſinned; which cauſed mee to waſh my couch with teares, and to remember the follies of my *Youth*, *Manhood*, and *Age*, with anguiſh of heart. O how much it now grieves mee, to have grieved ſo much at the ſight or thought of gray haires; and to have grieved ſo little at the thought or ſight of my ſinnes! May it then bee my care to call for grace, leſt I bring my gray haires with laſting ſorrow to their grave. O may the remainder of my dayes teach mee to

number

number my dayes, that I may goe to him, and live with him, who is the length of dayes!

His Death.

Memoriall X.

WElcome, thou unwelcommest to man, because I have in part put off man, through his grace by whom I am; and who for mee became man, to free mee from the curse of the Law, due to man. O *Death*, how *terrible* hadst thou been unto mee, if hee who dyed for mee, had not conquer'd thee! And yet many things present themselves before mee,

mee, which highly perplex mee. Sinnes, nothing but sinnes muster themselves before mee, to affright mee. Yea, sinnes which I never thought of till now, appeare foule and ugly unto mee. But I know my *Redeemer* liveth, and that with *these eyes* I shall see him. Though the *Furies* of *Sinne* and *Satan* enter their pleas against mee; though my *secret Sinnes* tell mee that I am the child of disobedience, that I have justly incurred Gods heavie wrath and displeasure; and that my *strange sinnes* have deservedly made me a *Stranger* and *Alien* to the house of my Father. Though my whole *course* hath beene a continued *curse*, by transgressing

greſſing his Law, who ſatiſfied the Law for me: Though I have made *every Creature* mine *Enemie*, by offending that *heavenly Maker*, who made them and me: Though I finde no *good thing* in mee; not *one Witneſſe* within mee, to ſpeake for mee; Not *one day*, nay not *one houre* of my life without Sinne to accuſe mee; Not *one poore worke* of *Charitie* ſo pure, and without Vain-glory, as to plead for mee; Not *one Friend*, amongſt all thoſe many, who profeſt themſelves mine, to appeare for mee. Yet have I *One*, who h'as vanquiſhed *Death*, *Sinne*, and *Satan*. *One*, who will *Cure* my *Wounds*, becauſe I have *opened* them; and *Cover* my *Sinnes*, becauſe I have

diſco-

discovered them. *One*, who will bring mee home to my *Fathers house*, bring forth his *best roabe* to adorne me, put a *ring* on mine hand to inrich me, and bring me to his *Great marriage Feast*, which shall for ever refresh me. *One*, who wil turne his *Curse* into a *Blessing*; and with the sight of his Deareſt Selfe satisfie my longing. *One*, who as hee made his *Angels*, *Ministers* for mee on Earth; will make them my *Companions* in Heaven. *One*, who though hee could see no *good thing* in me, will of his owne *free goodnesse* supply mee. *One*, who will send his *holy Spirit* to *witnesse* for mee: and will shew to his Father those *Prints* of his *Love*, those *Skars* of

of his *Wounds* to ſpeake for mee. *One*, who will evince the *teſtimony* of *Sinne*, ſo as though it *accuſe* mee, it ſhall never *impeach* me. *One*, who is *all charity*, and with the *eyes* of *mercy* will looke on my *miſery*; and in *this houre* of my *neceſſity* will *plead* for mee. *One*, who when all my *friends* ſhall leave mee, will cleave neare mee: and at the *houre* of my *death* will ſo defend mee, that mine *Enemie* may have no power over mee.

Yet for all this; *old Acquaintance* cannot be ſo eaſily parted; I feele a *trembling* in my *fleſh*: it is *death* to her to be *divided* from her *Soule*. Therefore ſhee deſires ſtill to bee a *Cottage*, (though a crazie

crazie one) for the entertainment of such a *Gueſt*. And though every puffe, every blaſt threaten her fall; yet hopes ſhee with a little *repairing* to hold out ſtill. Fooliſh fleſh! if thou lov'ſt that *Gueſt*, as thou profeſſeſt, why doeſt thou lodge her under ſuch rotten tarraſes? For whileſt thou keep'ſt her in that *crazie Cottage*, thou hold'ſt her from a *princely Palace*. 'Las! ſhee came to thee, not to bee a *Dweller*, but a *Sojourner*. Give her leave then to goe home againe: for in a *ſtrange Land* is ſhee, while ſhee lodges with thee. O; but I heare thee anſwer: "This *Stran-* "*ger* (if you pleaſe to ſtyle "him ſo) is as loth to part "with

" with mee, as I with her. Is it ſo, poore *Soule*, haſt thou *wallowed* ſo long in *mire*; or *encamped* ſo long in theſe *ſhades* or *ſhrouds* of *clay*; as thou beginneſt to bee enamoured of them, and never remove from them? Is it ſo, that thou haſt beene ſuch a long *ſtranger* in thy owne *Countrey*, as thou haſt quite forgot it, or careſt not much if thou never ſee it? H'as the life of a *Souldier* ſo taken thee; or the ſtraying libertie of a *Pilgrim* ſo ſeaz'd upon thee, as thou preferreſt a wandring life, before a ſetled being in thy *Countrey*? Woe is mee for thee! But, 'pray thee tell mee, what is it that hath ſo woo'd and wonne thee from thy *firſt Love*?

Love? O I heare thee; or that falſe *Idumite* which holds thee, cry out: "O; "muſt I leave my Friends, "Honours, Pleaſures and Poſſeſſions? Yes; thou muſt leave and loſe all: Thy *Friends* and *Honours* may, perchance, accompany thee to thy Grave; but there they will leave thee: and for thy *Pleaſures* and *Poſſeſſions*, they will not doe thee that *grace*, to attend thee to thy grave, or before thou come there, they have vow'd to leave thee. Theſe are ſtrong *ſtayes* to depend on! faire *props* to rely on! firme *foundations* to build on! I ſee then, (Languiſhing Soule) what it is that holds thee. Thou either griev'ſt to *loſe* what thou

thou here *lovest*: or feares to *feele* there what thou for thy ſinne deſerveſt. O my Soule, by this may any one gather, that thou haſt beene a conſtant worldling! For if thou hadſt poſſeſſed the things of this life without loving of them; thou wouldſt eaſily loſe them without grieving for them: Seeing, whatſoever without *love* we enjoy, without *griefe* we forgoe. But ſtay a little! ſtay a very little! and with patience heare mee. Be not, O bee not ſo faſt *glued* to Earth, that thy thoughts become *looſened* from Heaven! I know well, it is thy *Fleſh*, which thus diſquiets thee. It is ſhee who ſuggeſteth theſe things to thee. Wraſtle then

then with her, and give her the foile; it is better that ſhee faile, than thou fall. Tell her; oh tell her: For this will charme her. Thoſe worldly *Friends*, on whom ſhee ſo much rēlyes; can neither deliver themſelves nor her from *Death*. They may profeſſe much; and vow to intercede for her to any Prince or Potentate breathing, while ſhee is *living fleſh*: but dying, they will leave her for a *prey* to her *Brothers* and *Siſters*. And all their friendly teares will be then dried up. Sorrow takes quickly a Surfet in the Funerall of her deareſt Friend. His poore corps is with earth no ſooner covered, than their *Time-love* becomes diſco-

discovered. These be the *shadowes*, wherewith our *Flesh-flyes* are deluded. They may remember us sometimes while wee live on earth, but they soone forget us when wee are laid in earth. Aske her then; will shee be stayd by these *friends*, of which *Time* makes *shadowes*, or *injury* profest *foes*? *Secondly*, if *Friends* have not in them such firme dependence, as to promise any assurance: hopes shee from *Honours* to receive any sure footing or continuance? No; tell her, these are of all temporary blessings most *various* and *dangerous*. Various, in respect of the *Object* from whence shee receives them, being *man*: and consequently, apt enough upon

upon the least occasion, to change his *minde*. And *dangerous*, in respect of those corrivals and privie underminers, whose highest taske it is to bring these *Favourites* into disgrace. O how happie had many beene, had they never knowne what *Honour* meant! For as it incumber'd them living, so it distracted them dying: exposing them to many dangers both living and dying. Aske her then; will shee bee staid by these *Honours*, which can neither privilege her from death, nor comfort her at the houre of death, nor secure her after death? *Thirdly*, if shee be thus forsaken of all her *Honours*, what can she expect from *Pleasures*? Las!

These

These long since left her, when Age seaz'd on her: and thrice happy shee, had shee left them, before they left her. If there bee pleasure in cramps and aches: her weake decrepit limbes retaine still a memory of them. These she has constantly to attend her; nor vow they to leave her, till the cold Earth receive her. For now those *Ivory-beds*, *Carpets* and *Laces*, are but as so many racks and tortures to her, when shee remembers them. All these have left her in *paine*: and if shee taste *pleasure* in that, may shee long enjoy it. But thou, if those more *active pleasures* have wholly left her: shee sees her *Buildings*, and to leave them, and to whom shee

shee knowes not, it deepely grieves her. Those pleasant walkes, which with the helpes both of *Art* and *Nature* shee so carefully contrived; those shadie delightfull Arbours, wherein shee so retiredly and contentedly reposed; Those silent Groves, christall Springs, dainty Refectories, wherein shee so delightfully sported, bathed & banquetted: must she lose all these; and for a cover of mouldred earth, wherein all her beautie lyes buried? It must bee so; there is no remedie; the cold earth must receive her perished beautie. Nor should the losse of all these grieve her; seeing these were so confined to time, as they could promise no constancie

ſtancie to her. Yea; they deſerved rather to bee loathed than loved; ſeeing the Sight of them too often eſtranged her thoughts from Him that made them. Aske her then, where bee all thoſe who ſometimes enjoyed theſe *pleaſures* to the full! Where thoſe *Objects*, wherein they delighted? Looke! Reade! Their *Memories* are as *Letters* written in duſt. Their glorious *Buildings* have loſt the *Names* of their founders. They ſleepe in their earth: but that *Account* ſleepeth not, which they muſt render for their *vanities* on earth.

Fourthly, ſeeing her forepaſt *pleaſures* have wholly left her; but the bitter remem-

brance of the abuſe of them ſtayes with her: the ſweetneſſe of the one being ſpent: but the bitterneſſe of the other left: what content may ſhee finde in her *Poſſeſſions*; the Worldlings *Minions*? 'Las, nothing! theſe are tane from her, and beſtowed on another. Shee is now to goe to her long *home*; and another is to *poſſeſſe* her dwellings. Though here, ſhee held *paſſing* of *time* a *meere paſtime*; and a large *poſſeſſion* the Sole Solace of a Worldling; now ſhe findes enough of Earth in a very ſmal portion of it. No matter now whether her *Granars* be enlarged; her *Revenues* increaſed; her *Treaſures* ſtored. Theſe be none of hers;

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The very *Wind* h'as as great a ſhare in them as ſhee h'as. Nor did they deſerve ſo much loving, when they were in their very height of enjoying. Being ſuch as were got with *Care*, kept with *Feare*, and loſt with *Griefe*: proper things to dote on! The fulneſſe of them could not ſtay, one poore *Fit* of an *Ague*: not get a *reprive* at *Deaths* hand for a minute. Beſides, that long unwilling *Adieu* of the unhappie *poſſeſſour* at his heavie *departure*: *O Death, how bitter is the remembrance of thee to a man that liveth at reſt in his poſſeſſions!*

Seeing then, no outward thing ſhould ſo much delight man, as to withdraw

his thoughts from the *Maker* of man: Or ſo trouble him in his paſſage or tranſlation from Earth, as to divert his affections from heaven in his remove from Earth. Seeing, all things are not onely *vanity*, but *affliction*: where ſuch as are highlieſt poſſeſt of them, are moſt enſnared and deluded by them: Seeing, the beauty, riches, pleaſures, and contentments of earth, are no ſooner *appearing* than *vaniſhing*: no ſooner *found* than *loſt*. Why doeſt thou tremble, O my *fleſh!* why art thou ſo *troubled*, O my *Soule*, and why art thou ſo *diſquieted* within mee? put thy truſt in the Lord, and hee will deliver thee. Yea, but I heare thee,

in

in a ſilent ſecrecy, framing this reply! Theſe worldly reſpects are not the things that make *Death* appeare ſo terrible unto mee. Noe; I can freely bid farewell to the world; there is nothing in it, that makes mee enamour'd of it. I ſee nought at all in it, but ſinne, or occaſions of ſinne: Neither did I ever poſſeſſe ought, which did not *afflict* mee more in the *forgoing*, than it *delighted* mee in the *enjoying*. Tell mee then (poore fearfull ſoule) what is it that ſo much troubles thee in this thy *paſſage?* What is it that makes thee ſo ſhake and ſhudder in this thy *diſſolution?* O my ſinnes! my

sinnes! it is the remembrance of my sinnes, which makes mee unwilling to depart from this place where I committed them: or to fix mine eyes on that place, which is so pure as it cannot abide them. I cannot thinke of that *place* wherein I have not sinned; nor of that *houre* wherein I have not highly transgressed. And can one minutes repentance discharge such long arrerages? O my perplexed soule, remember to thy comfort that divine Cordiall: *At what time soever a Sinner repenteth*, &c. *As I live, I would not the death of a sinner*, &c. *My mercie I will not take from him: There is mercie with the Lord, and there-*

for e

fore is hee feared. Hee ſhall call upon mee, and I will de-deliver him in the time of his neceſsitie. Draw yet nearer, and thinke of the ſaying of that ſweet Father: "O "humble *teare*, thine is "the Kingdome, thine is "the Power: thou art not "affraid to enter in and "appeare before the pre-"ſence of the Judge: thou, "though thou enter a-"lone, ſhalt never returne "alone: whatſoever thou "askeſt, thou ſhalt have; "thou overcommeſt the "invincible, and bindeſt "the Omnipotent. This *Angelicall Wine* will bring thee to the ſocietie of the *Angels*. Doubt not; ſtagger not. Raiſe and rouſe S. Bern.

up thy selfe with the *wings* of faith. Whence comes it, that the *Soule* dyeth? because *Faith* is not in it. Whence that the *bodie* dyeth? Because a *Soule* is not in it. Therefore the *Soule* of thy *Soule* is *Faith*. No evill then can befall thee, so thy *faith* doe not faile thee. Where *watry eyes* make *faith* their *Anchor*, they promise a calme Sea, and a safe arrivall to the Christian passenger. And though *late repentance* bee seldome *true*, yet *true repentance* never comes too *late*. That devout and well-prepared Father, when hee was readie to die; with much sweet assurance, and Christian confidence, spake thus to *Stillico* and others

others about his bed; "I "have not lived ſo among "you, that I am aſhamed "to live longer to pleaſe "God: and yet againe, I "am not affraid to dye, be-"cauſe wee have a good "LORD. Though thou canſt not in thine owne approvement ſo truly ſay this; crowne thy *paſſage* with a devout wiſh; *Deſire to bee diſſolved, and to bee with Chriſt*; *Preſent* him with a pious devotion to thy inward'ſt thoughts: Imagining him even now bowing his precious *head* to kiſſe thee; ſpreading his gracious *armes* to imbrace thee: his *Angels* comming forth to meet thee; the whole *Hoaſt* of *Heaven* to conduct thee to

S. Ambroſe.

the *Palace* of *Eternitie*, after this thy approaching *dissolution* from this *vale* of *misery*. Let nothing *divide* thee from that *love* which is in thee to *Christ Jesus*. One *Houre* in his *Courts* is better than a *thousand* in the *Courts* of *Princes*. Humbly commend thy selfe to his protection who made thee; to his affection, who redeemed thee; to his direction, who sanctifi'd thee. Feare it not, timorous soule, but thy *Fathers power* will defend thee; his *Sonnes Wisedome* will enrich thee; the *Holy Spirits goodnesse* will comfort thee: even in these *pangs* of *death* which assaile thee.

Oh how sweet is the remem-

membrance of these things to mee! There is nothing now that may *divide* mee from Him, to whom I am spiritually espoused. There is no *Friend* so deare to mee, as Hee who gave his life for mee. No *Honour* so highly valued of mee, as his, who became a *reproach* for mee, that by his owne *dishonour* hee might *honour* mee. No *pleasure* so delightfull as his *presence*, whose sight shall ever cheere mee. No *possession* like his *fruition*, who is my *portion* in the *Land* of the *Living*; to whom to bee *joyned* shall ever *joy* mee. Every *minute* then seemes grievous, every *moment* tedious, till I bee *dissolved*; that I may see him

him after whom I have so longed; to whom to bee united, I have so thirsted; in whose sweet *presence* to remaine, in whose *Courts* to abide, I have so desired. These *pangs* I feele, are to mee cheerefull; these *Messengers* of my approaching *dissolution*, to mee gratefull; these *humane wrastlings*, which I now endure, to mee delightfull. I know well, I am such *metall* as I must bee *tried* before I bee *fined*. O! as I draw by little and little nearer my end; so may I in true love draw nearer to thee. To thee, my *Redeemer*, in whom my trust is placed; my confidence planted; my hopes crowned; my

my Pilgrim-dayes happily cloſed; my heritage, after theſe dayes of my Pilgrimage poſſeſſed. I feele now my longing Soule fleeting from this darke Cell, this noyſome ſhell of corruption; every *gaſpe* now promiſeth a *diſſolution*. *My breath is corrupt: my dayes are cut off, and the Grave is readie for mee.* I enter'd this world with a *Shrique*, and I leave it with a *Sigh*. Nor doe I *ſigh* for that I love it, or am unwilling to leave it; but for that I have beene too long divided by living in it, from Him, in whom my deſires are here fixed, there filled: The houre is come, and it is welcome; the houre of

of my translation to glory.
Come LORD JESUS,
come quickely.
Amen.

FINIS.

Errata's.

PAge 102. line 7. for *He*, reade *They*. p. 116. l. 8. for *thir*, r. *these*. p. 151. l. 16. for *huger*, r. *hunger*. p. 184. l vlt. for *glagues*, r. *plagues*. p. 336. in Tit. for *DEAHTS*, r. *DEATHS*. p. 339. l. 21. for *divine*, r. *dimme*. p. 395. l. 13. for *fore*, r. *for*.

REquite the *Authors* paines with thy pen, in correcting these literall errors: And remember *him* in thy private prayers, who will render the like to *thee* in his Christian vowes and teares.

Both *Hand* and *Heart* are joyntly
given,
My *Hand* ſubſcribes, My *Heart's*
for *Heaven*.

A SPIRITUALL SPICERIE

Containing

Sundrie Sweete Tractats of Devotion & Piety.

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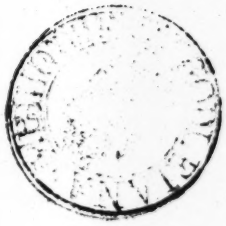

TO

THE TRVLY ENNOBLED,

THOMAS,

LORD FAUCONBERGE,

Baron of YAROM:

Together

With his pious Progeny, thoſe ſucceeding Branches of a *proſpering Family:*

R. B.

Zealouſly Dedicates this *Spirituall Spicerie.*